



The Gray Book of **FAVORITE SONGS**

ENLARGED EDITION

SCHMITT, HALL & McCREARY COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS

784
G783b

The Gray book of favorite
songs

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favorite songs

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THE GRAY BOOK OF FAVORITE SONGS ENLARGED EDITION

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*A Book of Songs and Choruses
for All Occasions*



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With a Supplement

Compiled and Arranged by

WALTER GOODELL

and

FLORENCE M. MARTIN

SCHMITT, HALL & McCREARY COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS

Our National Banner

All hail to our glorious ensign! Courage to the heart and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be entrusted! May it ever wave first in honor, in unsullied glory and patriotic hope, on the dome of the Capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the intented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast. Wheresoever on the earth's surface the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar. Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never, in any cause, be stained with shame. Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wave in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and pride of the American heart. First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm. Having been borne victoriously across a mighty continent, and floating in triumph on every sea, may virtue, and freedom, and peace, forever follow where it leads the way!

EDWARD EVERETT



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America

(My Country, 'Tis of Thee)

"America" was written in February, 1832, by Rev. Samuel F. Smith who set it to the music of a composition which has been claimed for Henry Carey and which has been used by several countries for patriotic and national songs. It was first sung on the following Fourth of July in Boston, but did not gain popularity until the Civil War. Since then it has become the best known and most frequently sung of our national songs.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

HENRY CAREY (?)

With a moderately quick motion

Sheet music for "America" (My Country, 'Tis of Thee) in G major, 3/4 time. The vocal part is in soprano range. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and harmonic support. The lyrics are as follows:

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing. Land where my
 2. My native coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love. I love thy
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song. Let mortal
 4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Auth - or of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing. Long may our
 fathers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

My Native Land

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

EDWARD GRIEG

Sheet music for "My Native Land" in E-flat major, 4/4 time. The vocal part is in soprano range. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic bass line and harmonic support. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Oh, Na - tive Land, how fair you seem, With lake - lets love - ly as a dream, And,
 2. Thy gracious farms, with fields unfur'd, With wealth to feed a hungry world; How
 3. Oh, God of Na - tions, help us grow In kind - ness, as in pow'r, to know The
 stretching far from sea to sea, Great mountains, high in maj - es - ty!
 fair thy mis - sion, and how fine, To give thy aid, dear land of mine.
 free - dom of true brother-hood, And wealth of love the high - est good!

The Star-Spangled Banner

The "Star-Spangled Banner" was composed under the following circumstances:

It was on the evening of September 13, 1814, during the War of 1812, that a British fleet was anchored in Chesapeake Bay. A Dr. Beanes, an old resident of Upper Marlborough, Maryland, had been captured by the British and sent as a prisoner to Admiral Cochrane's flagship.

Francis Scott Key, a young lawyer of Baltimore, hearing of the misfortune of Dr. Beanes, who was his personal friend, hastened to the British commander to endeavor to have his friend released. The enemy was about to attack Fort McHenry, so refused to allow Mr. Key and Dr. Beanes to return until after the fort was captured.

All through the night of September 13th, the bombardment was kept up, and in the light of the "rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air" they could see the American flag still waving over the old fort. And when, in the first rays of dawn of September 14th, he still beheld the same glorious banner waving from its accustomed place, Francis Scott Key wrote the words of that wonderful song "The Star Spangled Banner."

The next day Key went ashore, and, after copying his poem, showed it to a friend and relative, Judge Nicholson, who saw its worth and at his suggestion it was printed. Soon after it was adapted to an English air known as "To Anacreon in Heaven," the composition of which is credited to John Stafford Smith, who is supposed to have written the music some time between 1770 and 1775. "The Star-Spangled Banner" was first sung in public by Ferdinand Durang, an actor, in a tavern near the Holiday Street Theatre in Baltimore, Md.

Francis Scott Key was the son of John Ross Key, an officer of the Revolutionary Army. He was born August 1, 1779, and died January 11, 1843, leaving "The Star-Spangled Banner" as a monument to his patriotic spirit, and an inspiration to his countrymen.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH

With spirit

1. Oh say! can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proud-ly we hailed at the
 2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
 3. Oh, thus be it ev-er when free men shall stand Between their lov'd homes and the

twi-light's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
 si-lence re - pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
 war-s de - so - la-tion! Blest with vie-t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued-land Praise th

ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bom
 fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
 Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na-tion! Then con-quer we must, when our

The Star-Spangled Banner-Concluded

5

CHORUS ***ff***

burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro'the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that morning's first beam, In full glo-ry re-lect-ed now shines on the stream? 'Tis the Star-spangled cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the Star-spangled



Star-span-gled Ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
Ban-ner, oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
Ban-ner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

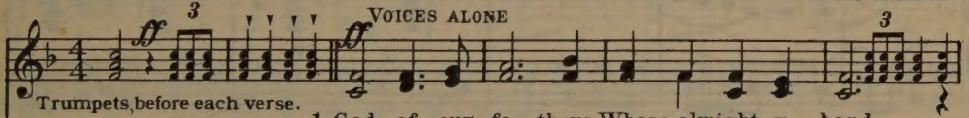


God of Our Fathers

DANIEL G. ROBERTS

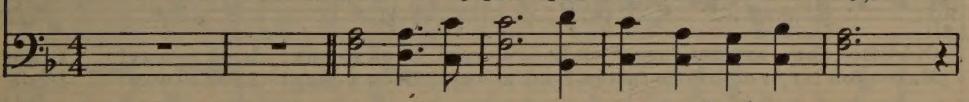
VOICES ALONE

G. W. WARREN

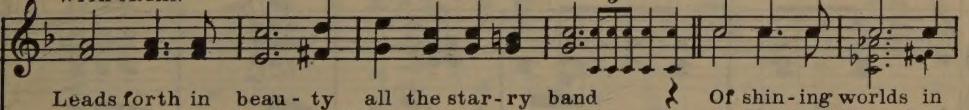


Trumpets before each verse.

1. God of our fa - thers, Whose almighty hand
2. Thy love di-vine hath led us in the past,
3. From war's alarms, from deadly pes - ti - lence,
4. Re-fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil-some way,

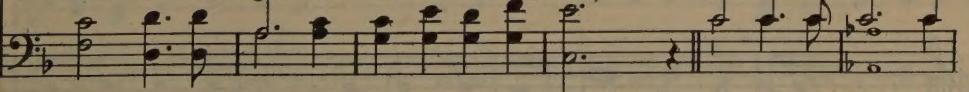


WITH ORGAN

3 louder

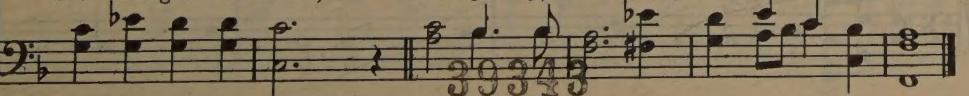
Leads forth in beau-ty all the star-ry band
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thy strong arm our ev-er sure de-fence;
Lead us from night to nev-er-end-ing day;

Of shin-ing worlds in
Be Thou our Ru - ler,
Thy true re - lig - ion
Fill all our lives with



splendor thro' the skies,
Guardian, Guide and Stay,
in our hearts in-crease,
love and grace Di - vine,

Our grateful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho-sen way.
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.
And glo-ry, laud and praise be ev - er Thine.



Dixie

"Dixie Land" or "Dixie," as it is generally called, the most popular of the songs of the South, was written by Daniel D. Emmett, of Ohio. In 1859, Mr. Emmett was a member of "Bryant's Minstrels," then playing in New York. One Saturday evening he was asked by Mr. Bryant to furnish a new song to be used in the performances the following week. On Monday morning Mr. Emmett took to the rehearsal the words and music of "Dixie." The song soon became the favorite all over the land. In 1860, an entertainment was given in New Orleans. The leader had some difficulty in selecting a march for his chorus. After trying several he decided upon "Dixie." It was taken up by the people, sung upon the streets and soon carried to the battle-fields, where it became the great inspirational song of the Southern Army.

Many different words were written to the tune. Those by Albert Pike, of Arkansas, were much used and are, perhaps, the most worthy of mention.

Like "Yankee Doodle," (with which it holds a close place), the original words of "Dixie" voice no great patriotic sentiment, and the music is not of a lofty character. Yet, like its companion, its notes stirred the hearts and crystallized souls who fought for the "Flag of Dixie."

Today, to the music of these two strange songs, there echoes the tread of a united people whose hearts are moved alike by the stirring strains, and who as they listen are ready to say with uplifted hands, bared brows, and reverent lips, "We give our heads and our hearts to God, and our Country."

D.D.E.

DAN D. EMMETT

Lively

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton,
2. Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' In-gen bat-ter,

Old times dar am not forgotten, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie
Makes you fat, or a lit-tle fatter, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie

Land. In Dix - ie Land whar I was born in, Ear-ly on one
Land. Den hoe it down an' scratch your gribble, To Dix - ie Land I'm

Dixie—Continued

7

frost-y mornin', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land!
bound to trabble, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land!

CHORUS

Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray!(hooray) Hoo-ray!(hooray) In Dixie Land, I'll

take my stand to lib and die in Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A-

A-way, a-way,

way down south in Dixie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dixie.

A-way, a-way,

In the chorus of Dixie, where the melody is given to the bass voices, the sopranos may take those notes two octaves higher than written, if it seems best to have the sopranos on the melody throughout the song.

America, the Beautiful

KATHERINE LEE BATES

(Tune "Materna")

SAMUEL A. WARD

1. O beau-ti-ful for spacious skies, For amber waves of grain, For purple mountain
 2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet Whose stern impassion'd stress A thorough-fare of
 3. O beau-ti-ful for he-ros prov'd In lib-er-at-ing strife, Who more than self their
 4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees beyond the years Thine al-a-bas-ter

maj - es-ties A - bove the fruit-ed plain. A-mer - i-cal A-mer - i-ca! God
 freedom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness. A-mer - i-ca! A-mer - i-ca! God
 coun-try loved, And mer-ey more than life. A-mer - i-ca! A-mer - i-ca! May
 cit - ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu-man tears. A-mer - i-ca! A-mer - i-ca! God

shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea.
 mend thine ev'-ry flaw, Con-firm thy soul in self-control, Thy lib-er-ty in law.
 God thy gold re - fine Till all success be no - ble-ness, And ev'-ry gain di - vine.
 shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with brotherhood From sea to shining sea.

America, My Country

NORMAN H. HALL

WALTER J. GOODELL

1. A-mer - i-ca, my coun-try, Great nation of the world, I love thy peo-ple,
 2. A-mer - i-ca, my coun-try, Land that I dear-ly love, For all the bless-ings
 3. A-mer - i-ca, my coun-try, Great brother-hood of men U - ni-tedneath the

hills and plains, I love thy flag un-furl'd; I love thee for thy lof - ty aims, T'ward
 of thy laws, I praise the God a - bove; I praise Him for thy gen'rous heart, To
 stars and stripes, I hail thee once a - gain. I'll live for thee, A-mer - i-ca, I'll

America, My Country—Concluded

9

all hu-man-i - ty, A-mer - i - ca, my coun-try, Fair land of lib - er - ty.
Him I'll bend the knee, A-mer - i - ca, my coun-try, Greatland of lib - er - ty.
loy-al be and true, A-mer - i - ca, my coun-try, I pledge my life to you.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE

WILLIAM STEFFE

Moderate march time

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps, They have
3. I have read a fi - ery gos-pel writ in bur-nished rows of steel: "As ye
4. He has sound - ed forth the trumpet that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is
5. In the beau-ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a
tramp-ling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stor'd; He hath loos'd the fateful
build - ed Him an al - tar in the evening dews and damps; I can read His righteous
deal with My contem-ners, so with you My grace shall deal;" Let the He - ro born of
sift - ing out the hearts of men be-fore His judgment seat. Oh, be swift, my soul, to
glo - ry in His bos-on that trans-figures you and me; As He died to make men
lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is march-ing on.
sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps: His day is march-ing on.
wom-an crush the ser-pent with His heel, Since God is march-ing on.
an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
ho - ly let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.'

CHORUS

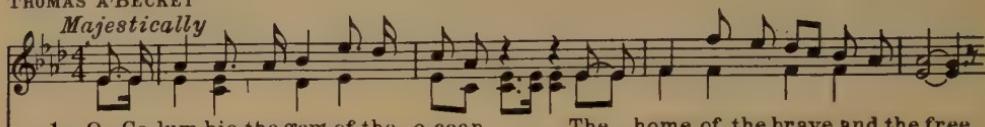
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.

Columbia, The Gem Of The Ocean

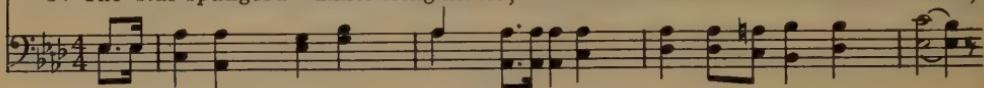
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean is of uncertain origin. The melody has been claimed as of English composition, under the name of "Brittania, the Pride of the Ocean." The text was written at the request of David T. Shaw for a benefit, by Thomas a'Becket of the Chestnut Street Theatre, who rearranged and added the present beginning and ending to it. The date has been given by the latter as the fall of 1843.

THOMAS A'BECKET

Majestically

1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean,
2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion,
3. The star-spangled banner bring hither,

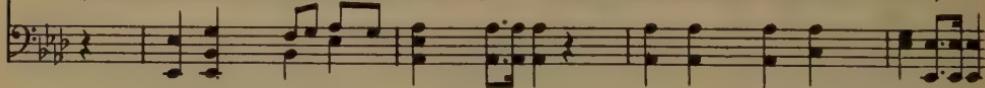
The home of the brave and the free,
And threaten'd the land to de-form,
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;



The shrine of each patriot's de-vo-tion, A world offers homage to thee.
The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co - lumbia rode safe thro' the storm:
May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor its stars cease to shine ón the brave:



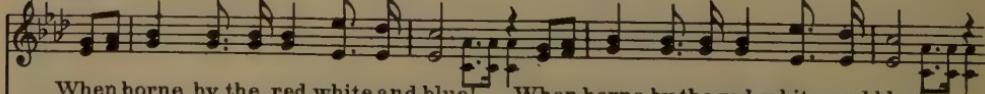
Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
With her garlands of vic-try a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew;
May thy serv-ice, u - nit-ed ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true;



Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white, and blue!
With her flag proudly floating before her, The boast of the red, white, and blue!
The ar-my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!



CHORUS



When borne by the red, white, and blue! When borne by the red, white, and blue!
The boast of the red, white, and blue! The boast of the red, white, and blue!
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!



Columbia, The Gem Of The Ocean-Concluded

Thy ban-ners make tyran-ny tremble,
With her flag proudly floating be-fore her.
The ar-my and na-vy for ev-er,

When borne by the red,white, and blue!
The boast of the red,white, and blue!
Three cheers for the red,white, and blue!

Keller's American Hymn

M.K.

Majestically

MATTHIAS KELLER

1. Speed our Re-pub-lic, Θ Fa-ther on high, Lead us in path-ways of
2. Fore-most in bat-tle, for Freedom to stand, We rush to arms when a-
3. Rise up, proud ea-gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wing o'er this

jus - tice and right; Rul - ers as well as the ruled, one and all,
roused by its call; Still as of yore when George Wash-ing-ton led,
fair west-ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old!

Gir - dle with vir-tue, the ar-mor of might! Hail!three times hail to our
Thunders our war-cry, "We conquer or fall!" Hail!three times hail to our
Show that it still is for freedom un-furled! Hail!three times hail to our

Fine. mf

D.S.

coun - try and flag! Rul - ers as well as the ruled, one and all,
coun - try and flag! Still as of yore when George Wash-ing-ton led,
coun - try and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old!

Mighty Land, Wondrous Land

CLAIRE GOODELL

CHARLES FRANCOIS GOUNOD
Arr. by Walter Goodell

1. Might - y land, won - drous land,
 2. Hap - py land, hand in hand,
 3. Day by day, this we pray:

Land of peace and plen - ty, Hear our song of praise.
 See thy chil - dren bid - ing; Love and friend ship reign.
 May thy glo - ries flour - ish. May we e'er be free.

To thee, our be - lov - ed home land, Do we now our voic - es raise...
 And we strive that our fore-fa - thers Have not died for us in vain...
 Rise, A - mer - i - ca, and lead us On-ward to our des-ti - ny. —

To Thee, O Country!

13

MRS. JOHN LANE

JULIUS EICHBERG

cresc.

ff p

lay, we lay our burdens down, Thou art the on - ly friend who feels their
Peace, let Peace its ruler be, And let her glo - ry light the way to

heart, We lay our burdens down, Thou art the on - ly friend who feels their
land, Let Peace its ruler be, And let her glo - ry light the way to

weight with-out a frown.
make the whole world (omit) free, To make the whole world free!

weight with-out a frown.
make the whole world (omit) free, To make the whole world free!

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O God, Our Help In Ages Past

ISAAC WATTS

WILLIAM CROFT

Moderately

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne, Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
4. A thou-sand a - ges in Thy sight, Are like an eve - ning gone;
5. O God our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.
Suf - fic - ient is Thine arm a - lone And our de - fence is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
Short as the watch that ends the night, Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
Be Thou our guard while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.

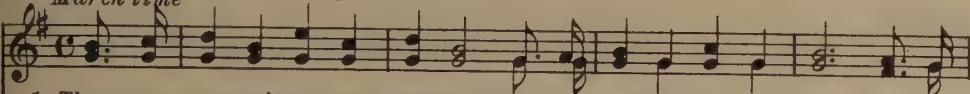
Keep The Home Fires Burning

15

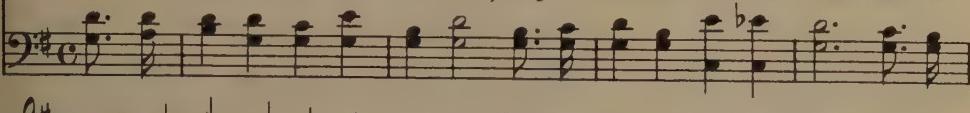
LENA GUILBERT FORD

March time

IVOR NOVELLO



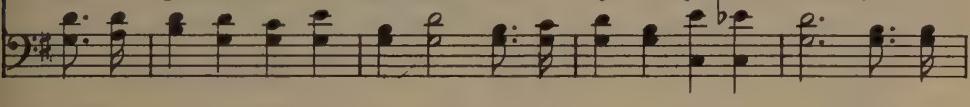
1. They were summon'd from the hill-side, They were call'd in from the glen, And the
2. O - ver seas they came a-plea-ing, 'Help a na-tion in dis-tress!' And we



Coun-try found them ready at the stir-ring call for men (the stir-ring call for men)
gave our glorious lad-dies; Honor bade us do no less, (and bade us do no less)



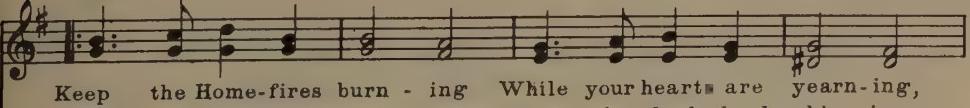
Let no tears add to their hard-hips, As the sol-diers pass a-long, And al'-
For no gal-lant son of free-dom To a ty-rant's yoke should bend; And a



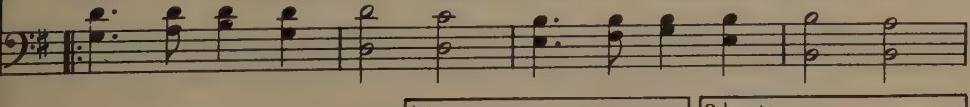
though your heart is break-ing, Make it sing this cheer - y song.
no - ble heart must an-swer To the sa - cred call of "Friend!"



CHORUS



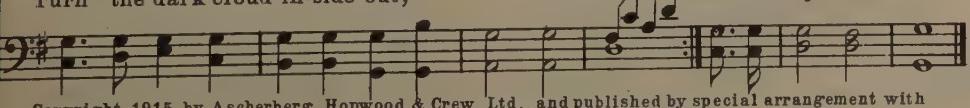
Keep the Home-fires burn - ing While your heart are yearn-ing,
There's a sil - ver lin - ing Thro' the dark clouds shin - ing,



Tho' your lads are far a-way They dream of home.

Turn the dark cloud in-side out,

Till the boys come home.



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O, Worship the King

SIR ROBERT GRANT

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN

1. O, wor-ship the King all glo-ri-ous a - bove, And grate-ful-ly
 2. O, tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
 3. Thy boun-ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
 4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we

sing His won - der-ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
 light, whose can - o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep
 air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de -
 trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how

An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splendor, and gird - ed with praise.
 thunder clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
 scends to the plain, And sweetly dis - till in the dew and the rain.
 firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er and Friend.

O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand

LEONARD BACON

JOHN HATTON

1. O God, be-neath Thy guid-ing hand, Our ex-iled fathers cross'd the sea;
 2. Thou heard'st well pleas'd, the song, the pray'r: Thy blessing came; and still its pow'r
 3. Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
 4. And here Thy name, O God of love, Their children's children shall a - dore,

And when they trod the win - try strand, With pray'r and psalm they worship'd Thee.
 Shall onward, thro' all a - ges bear The mem'ry of that ho - ly hour.
 And where their pil - grim feet have trod, The God they trusted guards their graves.
 Till these e - ter - nal hills re - move, And spring a - dorns the earth no more.

The Spacious Firmament on High

17

JOSEPH ADDISON

(Creation)

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN

1. The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e -
 2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail The moon takes up the
 3. What tho' in sol - emn si - lence all Move round the dark ter -

the - real sky, And span - gled heavns, a shin - ing frame, Their
 won - drous tale, And night - ly to the list - 'ning earth Re -
 res - trial ball? What tho' no re - al voice nor sound A -

great O - rigi - nal pro - claim. Th'unwearied sun, from day to day,
 peats the sto - ry of her birth; While all the stars that round her burn,
 mid the ra - diant orbs be found? In rea - son's ear they all re - joice,

Does his Cre - a - tor's powrs dis - play, And pub - lish - es to
 And all the plan - et's in their turn, Con - firm the ti - dings
 And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice, For - ev - er sing - ing

ev - 'ry land The work of an Al - might - y Hand.
 as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
 as they shine, "The hand that made us is di - vine."

Oh Realm of Light

(Creation)

1. Oh realm of light! whose morning star
 To Bethl'hem's manger led the way,
 Not yet upon our longing eyes
 Shines the full splendor of thy day:
 Yet still across the centuries fall,
 Both strong and sweet, our Lord's command;
 And still with steadfast faith we cry,
 "Behold, the kingdom is at hand!"

2. Oh realm of peace! whose music clear
 Swept through Judea's starlit skies,
 Still the harsh sounds of human strife
 Break on thy heavenly harmonies:
 Yet shall thy song of triumph ring
 In full accord, from land to land,
 And men with angels learn to sing,
 "Behold, the kingdom is at hand!"

EMILY H. MILLER

Still, Still with Thee

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

E. MOSS

1. Still, still with Thee, when purple morning break-eth, When the bird
 2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mystic shad - ows, The sol-lemn
 3. When sinks the soul, sub - dued by toil, to slum - ber, Its closing
 4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning, When the soul

wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing,
 hush of na - ture new - ly born; A - lone with Thee, in
 eye looks up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the re - pose be -
 wak - eth, and life's shadows flee; Oh! in that hour, fair -

love-lier than the day-light, Dawns the sweet consciousness I am with Thee!
 breathless a - dor - a - tion, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
 neath Thy wings o'ershadowing, But sweet-er still, to wake and find Thee there.
 er than day-light dawning, Shall rise the glorious朝, I am with Thee!

Evening Prayer

CARL MARIA VON WEBER

1. Soft - ly sighs the breath of evening, Stealing thro' the shadowy grove,
 2. Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, while we're sleep-ing, Send Thy guardian angels bright,
 3. When the morning, gen - tly breaking, Tints the sky with golden rays,

While the stars, in hea - ven
 Faith - ful watch a - bove us
 May Thy lov - ing children,

shin-ing, Keep their si - lent watch a - bove.
 keep-ing, To pro-tect us thro' the night.
 wak-ing, Sing their Heav'n - ly Father's praise.

Lord of All Being, Throned Afar

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR

1. Lord of all be-ing, thron'd a-far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star.
 2. Sun of our life, Thy quick'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
 3. Lord of all life, be - low, a - bove, Whose light is truth, whose warmth this love
 4. Grant us Thy truth to make us free, And kind-ling hearts that burn for Thee

Centre and soul of ev -'ry sphere, Yet to each lov-ing heart how near!
 Star of our hope, Thy soft-en'd light Cheers the long watch-es of the night.
 Be - fore Thy ev - er-blaz - ing throne We ask no lus - tre of our own.
 Till all Thy liv - ing al-tars claim One ho - ly light, one heav'nly flame!

Cast Thy Burden Upon The Lord

(Arr. from Mendelssohn's "Oratorio, 'Elijah'"

Slow and sustained

Cast thy bur-den up - on the Lord; and He shall sus - tain thee;

louder

He is at thy

He nev - er will suf - fer the righteous to fall, He is at thy

right hand. *louder*

right hand. Thy mer - cy, Lord, is great, and far a - bove the

softer

heav'ns, Let none be made a - shamed, that wait up - on Thee!

Faith of Our Fathers

FREDERICK W. FABER

HENRY F. HEMY and J.G. WALTON

1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still Inspite of dun - geon, fire and sword,
 2. Faith of our fa - thers, we will strive To win all na - tions un - to thee;
 3. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word!
 And thro' the truth that comes from God Man-kind shall then in - deed be free.
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir - tuous life.

REFRAIN

Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death.

The Lord Is My Shepherd

JAMES MONTGOMERY

THOMAS KOSCHAT

Arr. by W. J. G.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know. I feed in green pastures, safe
 2. Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my Guardian, no
 3. In the midst of affliction my ta - ble is spread! With blessings unmeasured my
 4. Let goodness and mercy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my steps till I

fold-ed, I rest. He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow, Re-stores me when
 e-vil I fear. Thy rod shall de-tend me, Thy staff be my stay, No harm shall be-
 cup runneth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou a-nointest my head; O what shall I
 meet Thee above. I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod. Thro' the land of their

wand'ring, re-deems when opprest, Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when opprest.
 fall me with my Comforter near, No harm shall be-fall me with my Comforter near,
 ask of Thy providence more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov - idence more?
 so-journ, Thy kingdom of love, Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

In Heavenly Love Abiding

ANNA L. WARING

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

1. In heav'nly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con-
 2. Where-ev-er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be-
 3. Green pastures are be-fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be

fid - ing, For nothing chang-es here. The storm may roar with-out me,
 side me, And nothing can I lack. His wis-dom ev-er wak - eth,
 o'er me, Where the dark clouds have been, My life I can-not meas-ure,

The storm may roar with - out me,
 His wis-dom ev - er wak - eth,
 My life I can - not meas-ure,

The storm may roar without me,
 His wis-dom ev-er waketh,
 My life I cannot measure,

My heart may low be laid; But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-
 His sight is nev-er dim; He knows the way He tak-eth, And I will walk with
 The path of life is free; My Sav - ior has my treasure, And He will walk with

But God is round a - bout me, But
 He knows the way He tak - eth, He
 My Sav - ior has my treas - ure, My

And can I be dis - may'd?
 And I will walk with Him.
 And He will walk with me.

may'd? But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - may'd?
 Him; He knows the way He tak-eth, And I will walk with Him.
 me; My Sav - ior has my treasure, And He will walk with me.

God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - may'd?
 knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
 Sav - ior has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

Softly Now the Light of Day

G. W. DOANE

CARL MARIA VON WEBER

1. Soft-ly now the light of day, Fades up - on my sight a - way;
 2. Soon, for me, the light of day Shall for ev - er pass a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with Thee.
 Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

BERNARD OF CLUNY Jerusalem, the Golden

Translated by J. M. NEALE

G. F. LE JEUNE

1. Je - ru-salem, the gold - en! With milk and honey blest; Be - beneath thy contem -
 2. They stand, those halls of Si - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care released, The shout of them that
 4. O sweet and blessed country, The home of God's e - lect! O sweet and blessed

plation Sink heart and voice opprest. I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us us
 an - gel, And all the martyr throng. The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se -
 triumpf, The song of them that feast. And they who with their Leader, Have conquer'd in the
 country, That eager hearts expect! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of

Je - ru sa -

there! What radiancy of glo - ry! What bliss beyond compare! Jerusalem the golden! With
 rene; The pastures of the blessed Are deck'd in glorious sheen. Jerusalem the golden! With
 fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white. Je - rusalem the golden! With
 rest! Who art, with God the Father, And Spirit ev - er blest. Je - rusalem the golden! With

lem, the gold - en! Be - beneath

milk and hon - ey blest; Be - beneath the con - tem - plation Sink heart and voice opprest.

Day Is Dying in the West

MARY A. LATHBURY

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch - ing
 2. Lord of life, be -neath the dome Of the u - ni -
 3. While the deep'-ning shad - ows fall, Heart of Love, en -
 4. When for - ev - er from our sight, Pass the stars the

earth with rest; Wait and wor - ship while the night
 verse, Thy home; Gath - er us, who seek Thy face,
 fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace
 day the night; Lord of an - gels, on our eyes

Sets her eve-night lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
 To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh.
 Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
 Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.

CHORUS

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are
 full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!

Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of All Nature

ANONYMOUS, FROM 12TH CENTURY (Crusaders' Hymn)

GERMAN AIR

1. Fair-est Lord Je-sus, Ru-ler of all na-ture, O Thou of God and man the
 2. Fair are the meadows, Fairer still the woodlands, Rob'd in the blooming garb of
 3. Fair is the sunshine, Fairer still the moonlight, And all the twinkling star-ry

Son, Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I hon-or, Thou, my soul's glory, joy and crown.
 spring; Je-sus is fair-er, Je-sus is pur-er, Who makes the woeful heart to sing.
 host; Je-sus shines brighter, Je-sus shines purer, Than all the angels heav'n can boast.

Hark! the Vesper Hymn Is Stealing

THOMAS MOORE

RUSSIAN AIR

Moderately

1. Hark! the ves-per hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa-ters soft and clear;
 2. Now like moonlight waves re-treat-ing To the shore it dies a long;

Near-er yet and near-er peal-ing, Soft it breaks up - on the ear.
 Now like an-gry sur-ges meet-ing, Breaks the min-gled tide of song.

Ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, A - men.
 Ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, ju - bi - la - te, A - men.

Far - ther now, now far - ther steal-ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.
 Hark! a-gain, like waves re-treat-ing, To the shore, it dies a long.

Gloria Patri

Palestrina was born in the ancient town of Palestrina, near Rome in about 1524. In 1571 he was appointed chapelmastor of St. Peter's in Rome, and soon after became composer to the Papal choir. Palestrina's work is among the greatest in choral music. A great many of his choruses are used today, but probably the most frequently used one is "Gloria Patri," one of the forms of which is given below.

English adaptation by MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

G. P. PALESTRINA

f *Quickly with vivacity*

Glo-ri-a pa-tri et fi-li-o, glo-ri-a pa-tri et fi-li-o,
Father of Light, we sing in Thy praise. Father of Light, we sing in Thy praise

pp

glo-ri-a pa-tri et fi-li-o, glo-ri-a pa-tri et fi-li-o,
Joy-ful-ly now our voi-ces we raise Joy-ful-ly now our voi-ces we raise

mf

et spi - ri - tu - i sanc - to, spi - ri - tu - i sanc - to,
May Thy peace come down from above, May thy peace come from a - bove.

pp

et spi - ri - tu - i sanc - to, et spi - ri - tu - i sanc - to.
Fill our hearts with Thy great love. Fill our hearts with Thy great love. A-men.

From Ill Do Thou Defend Me

Majestically

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

1. From ill do Thou de-fend me; Receive me, lead me home; Thy love full oft in
2. New blessings dai-ly send me; From Thee all good things come.

f

kind - ness hath milk and honey giv'n; O heal my mortal blindness, And fix my heart on Heav'n

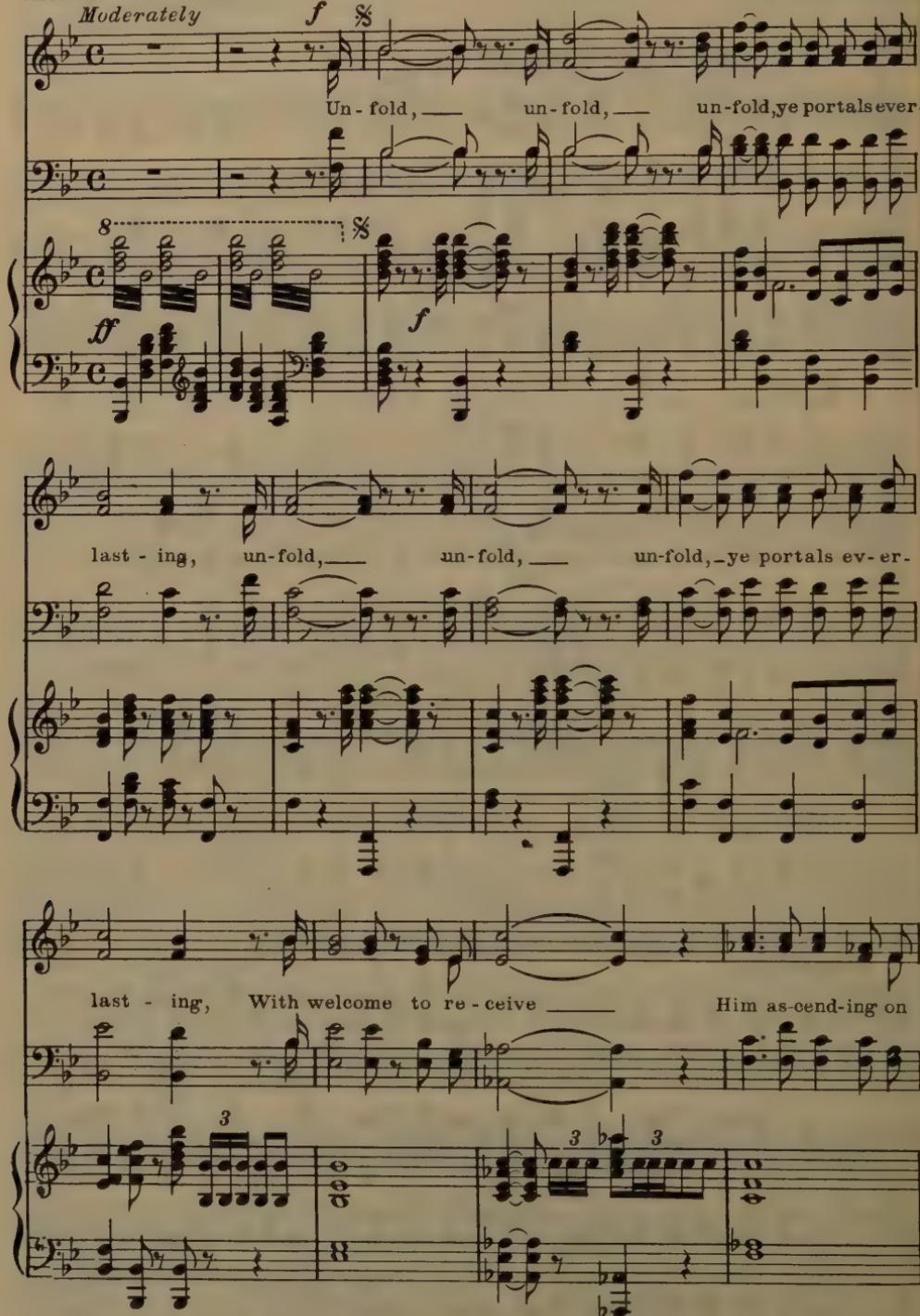
Unfold, Ye Portals

(From the oratorio "The Redemption")

ADAPTED FROM PSALM XXIV

CHARLES GOUNOD

Moderately

f 

Un-fold, — un-fold, — un-fold, ye portals ever-

last - ing, un-fold, — un-fold, — un-fold, —ye portals ev-er-

last - ing, With welcome to re-ceive — Him as-ec-ding on

Unfold, Ye Portals-Continued

high! — Behold the King of Glo - ry! He mounts up thro' the

sky, — Back to the heav'ly mansions hast 'ning. Un-

fold, un - fold, un - fold, for lo, the

Unfold, Ye Portals—Continued

1

Fine.

King comes nigh. — nigh. — But who is
 (Omit 1st time)

Fine.

(Omit 1st time)

He, — the King — of Glo - ry ? Hewho Death over-

came, — the Lord in battle might - y.

Unfold, Ye Portals-Concluded

29

But who is He,— the King— of Glo - ry?

or

hosts He is the Lord; — of angels and of powers: — the King of

Glo - ry is the King of the saints.

Un -

D.C. 

D.C. 

³D.C. 

³cresc ³

The Heavens Resound

ANDREAS HOFER

ARRANGED FROM BEETHOVEN

1. The heav'n's resound with His prais-es e - ter-nal, In might and
 2. The Lord is God! He is King of cre - a-tion; In His right

glo-ry they com-bine To tell His name thro'earth and the oceans That man may
 hand He holds them all; His chil-dren, we, in love and de - vo-tion, Be-fore His

hear the word di - vine,
 might and pow-er fall.

He holds the suns in the blue vaulted
 O Fa - ther, hear! we Thy sons bring our

The Heavens Resound-Concluded

heav - ens,
bless - ings,

He plants His foot up - on the world;
Our pray'r - ful thanks to Thee we raise;

The myr - iad stars bow in will - ing sub - jec - tion; The u - ni - verse His
The heav'n's re-sound; break, O earth, in - to glo - ry, To serve! a-dore! and

hand un - furl'd, The u - ni - verse His hand un - furl'd.
sing His praise! To serve! a-dore! and sing His praise!

But The Lord Is Mindful Of His Own

ADAPTED FROM THE PSALMS
AND THE EPISTLES OF PAUL.

(From the Oratorio "St. Paul")

Moderately slow $\text{d} = 76$

(UNISON)

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

But the Lord is mindful of His own, He re - mem-bers His chil -

dren. But the Lord is mindful of His own; The Lord remem-bers His

chil - dren, re - mem - - bers His chil - dren.

Bow down before Him, ye might - y, for the Lord is

But The Lord Is Mindful Of His Own—Concluded

cresc.

This musical score consists of five staves of music for voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano range, and the piano part provides harmonic support. The score is set in common time and uses a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line includes lyrics such as "near us! Bow down before Him, ye mighty, For the Lord is near us! Yea, the Lord is mindful of His own; He remembers His children. Bow down before Him, ye mighty, for the Lord is near us!" The piano part features various chords and rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth-note figures and sustained notes. Dynamic markings like *f*, *p*, *fp*, and *cresc.* are placed throughout the score to guide the performer. The vocal line concludes with a melodic flourish ending on a high note.

Lift Thine Eyes

Mendelssohn's "Elijah" of which the selection "Lift Thine Eyes" is one of the most popular, was first performed in 1846 at a festival given in Birmingham, England.

The oratorio is divided into two parts. The first tells of the prophet Elijah's experiences up to the time when his offering on Mount Carmel is consumed by fire sent from heaven and the rain falls upon the drought-stricken land. The second part portrays Elijah's life until he is carried to heaven in a fiery chariot. The entire oratorio is intensely dramatic.

Mendelssohn spent many years in its preparation, for, even as he worked upon it, he realized that it was to be his masterpiece. From the composition of the music, he took the keenest pleasure. It was his last great composition, for at the time of its first performance, Mendelssohn was losing strength which led to his death in 1847.

F. M. *With a quick motion*

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun-tains, Whence cometh, whence
 Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun-tains, Whence cometh, whence
 to the moun-tains, Whence cometh, whence
 com-eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth
 com-eth, whence com-eth help, Thy help com - eth, com - eth from the
 com-eth, whence com-eth help, Thy help com - eth from the
 from the Lord, the ma - ker of heav - en and earth He hath
 Lord from the Lord the ma - ker of heav - en and earth He hath
 Lord the ma - ker of heav - en and earth He hath

Lift Thine Eyes—Concluded

said, thy foot shall not be mov-ed Thy keep-er will nev-er slum - ber
 said, thy foot shall not be mov-ed Thy keep-er will nev-er
 said thy foot shall not be mov-ed Thy keep-er will nev-er
 nev-er will nev-er slum - ber, nev-er slum - - - - ber.
 slum - ber nev-er will nev-er slum - - - - ber
 slum - ber nev-er will nev-er slum - ber, will nev - er slum - ber
 Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh, whence cometh, whence
 Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh, whence cometh, whence
 Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh, whence cometh, whence
 com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence cometh, whence com - eth help.
 com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence cometh, whence com - eth help.
 com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence cometh, whence com - eth help.

ADAPTED FROM THE 37th PSALM

O Rest In The Lord
(From the oratorio "Elijah")

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

slowly p

O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for Him and He shall

pp

give thee thy heart's de - sires: O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for

Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's de-sires, and He shall give thee thy heart's de-

sires. Commit thy way un - to Him, and trust in Him; commit thy way un-

to Him, and trust in Him, and fret not thy - self because of e-vil

O Rest In The Lord—Concluded

do-ers. O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for Him, wait pa-tient-ly for

Him; O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for Him, and He shall

give thee thy heart's de-sires, and He shall give thee thy heart's de-sires, and He shall

give thee thy heart's de-sires. O rest in the Lord, O rest in the

Lord, and wait, wait pa-tient-ly for Him.

Lovely Appear

ADAPTED FROM ISAIAH LII:7 (From the oratorio "The Redemption")

With a slow motion

CHARLES GOUNOD

mp SOPRANO CHORUS

Love-ly ap - pear o - ver the mountains The feet of them that

mp

preach, and bring good news of peace, The feet of them that preach, and

p ALTO CHORUS

bring good news of peace.— Love - ly ap - pear o - ver the

moun-tains The feet of them that preach,— and bring good news of peace, The

p UNISON

feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace,— Love - ly ap -

Lovely Appear - Concluded

pear — o - ver the moun - tains The feet of them that preach, and
 pear — o - ver the moun - tains The feet of them that preach, and
 pear — o - ver the moun - tains The feet of them that preach, and

louder

bring good news of peace, — *p* Love - ly ap - pear — o - ver the
 bring good news of peace, — *p* Love - ly ap - pear — o - ver the
 bring good news of peace, — *p* Love - ly ap - pear — o - ver the

louder

cresc.

moun - tains The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.
erese. dim.

moun - tains The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.
erese.

moun - tains The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.
erese.

cresc.

dim.

THOMAS WILLIAMS

Largo

(From the Opera, Xerxes) GEORGE FRIEDRICH HANDEL

Very slowly

Very slowly

p

Fa - - - ther in heav'n, Thy chil-dren hear, As they a -

p

dor-ing bow, O Thou Al-might-y One, Hear Thou our pray'r; Strengthen our

mf

p

faith; With hope in - spire our hearts, Flaming our souls with love

f

pp Largo—Continued

Like un - to Thine. Then shall Thy works a-bound, Men shall pro-

pp

claim that God our Lord is God a-lone, And ho - ly,

ho - ly is His name, And ho - ly is His name;

p

God our Lord is God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly is His name.

God our Lord is God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly is His name.

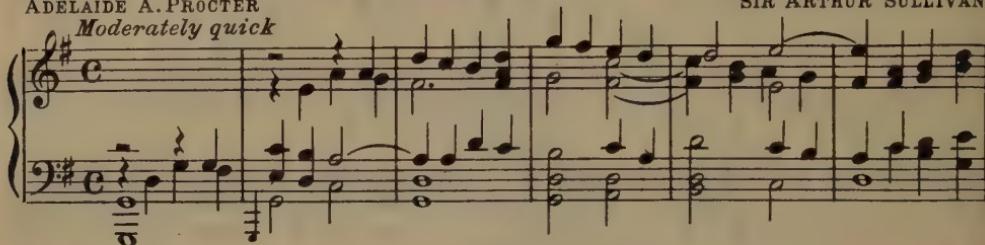
The Lost Chord

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, one of the best known of English composers, was born in London in 1842. His songs and hymns, also his light operas written in conjunction with Sir W. S. Gilbert are sung and loved everywhere. "The Lost Chord", "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "The Mikado" are the most popular of his compositions. Sullivan was knighted in recognition of his musical work. He died in London in 1900.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

Moderately quick

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

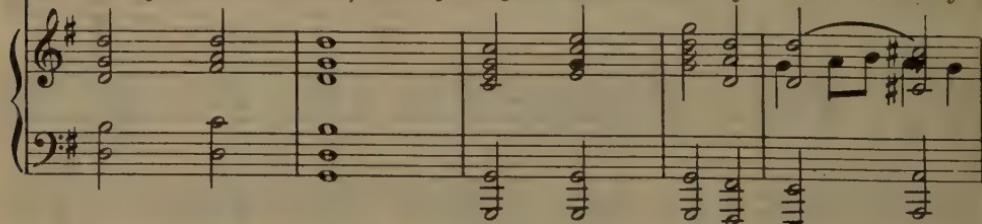


TENORS AND BASSES IN UNISON

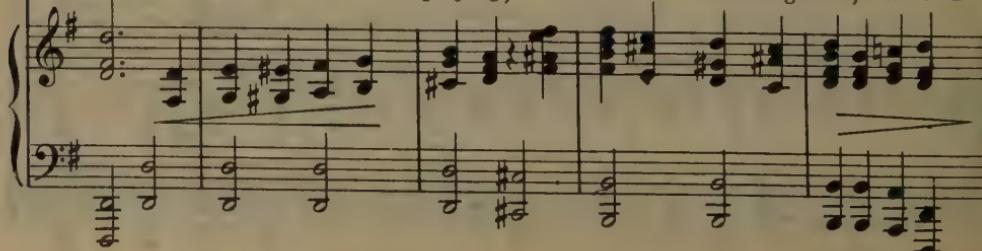
Seat-ed one day at the Or-gan, I was



wea-ry and ill at ease, And my fingers wandered i - dly O-ver the nois-y



keys. I knew not what I was playing, Or what I was dreaming then; But I



The Lost Chord-Continued

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major, common time, with lyrics integrated into the vocal parts.

Staff 1: Treble clef, 2 sharps (F# C#). The lyrics are: "struck one chord of mu-sic, Like the sound of a great A-men, Like the". The dynamic is *f* (fortissimo) at the end.

Staff 2: Bass clef, 2 sharps (F# C#). It provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords.

Staff 3: Bass clef, 2 sharps (F# C#). It also provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords.

Soprano/Alto Line: Treble clef, 2 sharps (F# C#). The lyrics are: "sound of a great A-men." The dynamic is *p* (pianissimo).

Soprano/Alto Line: Treble clef, 2 sharps (F# C#). The lyrics are: "SOPRANOS AND ALTOS". The dynamic is *mf* (mezzo-forte).

Bass Line: Bass clef, 2 sharps (F# C#). The lyrics are: "It flood-ed the crim-son twi-light, Like the close of an An-gel's". The dynamic is *mf*.

Bass Line: Bass clef, 2 sharps (F# C#). The lyrics are: "Psalm, And it lay on my fe-vered spir-it With a touch of in-fi-nite". The dynamic is *p*.

The Lost Chord-Continued

calm. It qui - et - ed pain and sorrow, Like love o-ver-coming strife; It

seemed the harmonious ech - o From our dis-cordant life. It linked all perplexed

meanings In-to one perfect peace, And trembled a-way in-to silence, As

if it were loth to cease I have sought, but I seek it vain-ly, That

The Lost Chord-Continued

one lost chord di - vine, Which came from the soul of the Or - gan, And

ALL THE VOICES

en - tered in - to mine. It may be that Death's bright

an-gel Will speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that on - ly in

heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men; It may be that Death's bright

The Lost Chord-Concluded

an - gel will speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that on - ly in

Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men.

Ah, 'Tis A Dream

TRANSLATION FROM HEINE

EDWARD LASSEN

1. My na-tive land a-gain it meets my eye, The old oaks raise their boughs on
2. And now when far in dis-tant lands I roam My heart will wan-der to my

high, The vi - olets greet - ing seem, Ah! 'tis a dream.
home, But while these fan - cies teen, Ah! 'tis a dream.

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

47

NAHUM TATE

ARR. FROM GEORGE F. HANDEL

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground; The an - gel
 2 "Fear not" said he,—for mighty dread Had seized their troubled minds, "Glad ti-dings
 3 "To you in Da-vid's town this day, Is born of Da - vid's line, The Sav-i-or,
 4 The Heav'n-ly Babe you there shall find To hu-man view dis-played, All mean-ly
 5 Thus spake the Ser-aph— and forth-with Ap-peared a shin - ing throng Of an-gels,
 6 "All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be peace; Good-will hence-

of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.
 of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind, To you and all man-kind.
 Who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign; And this shall be the sign;
 wrapped in swath-ing bands, And in a man-ger laid. And in a man-ger laid."
 prais-ing God, who thus Ad-dressed their joy-ful song:-Ad-dressed their joy-ful song,
 forth, from heav'n to me Be - gin and nev - er cease! Be - gin and nev - er cease!"

We Three Kings of Orient Are

J.H.H.

JOHN H. HOPKINS

1. We three kings of O - ri-ent are, Bear-ing gifts we trav - erse far
 2. Born a babe on Beth-le-hem's plain, Gold we bring to crown Him a - gain;
 3. Frank-in-cense to of - fer have I; In-cense owns a De - i - ty nigh,
 4. Myrrh is mine; its bit-ter per-fume Breathes a life of gath - ring gloom;
 5. Glo - rious now be - hold—Him rise, King and God and Sac - ri - fice;

Field and foun - tain, moor and moun - tain, Fol - low-ing yon - der Star.
 King for - ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er, O - ver us all to reign.
 Pray'r and prais-ing all men rais - ing, Wor - ship God on high.
 Sorr-wing, sigh-ing, bleed-ing, dy - ing, Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
 Heavn sing's "Hal - le - lu - jah!" "Hal - le - lu - jah!" earth, re - plies.

CHORUS

Oh, star of won - der, star of might, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright,

West-ward lead-ing, still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to the per - fect light.

O Come, All Ye Faithful

(Adeste Fideles)

This hymn is supposed to have been written during the 13th century. It is one of the most popular of the old Latin Hymns and is used in all Christian Churches especially at Christmas. The author of the words is unknown. It was translated by F. Oakley, in 1841. The music is supposed to have been written by John Reading, an English organist of the 18th century.

1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-umphant, O come ye, O come ye to
 2. Sing, choirs of An-gels, Sing in ex-ul-ta-tion, Sing, all ye ci-tiz-ens of
 A-des-te, fi-de-les, Læ-ti tri-um-phan-tes, Ve-ni-te, ve-ni-te in
 Beth-le-hem. Come and be-hold Him, Born the King of Angels: O come, let us a-
 heavn a-bove: Glo-ry to God — In the highest, glo-ry! O come let us a-
 Beth-le-hem. Na-tum vi-de-te, Re-gem an-ge-lo-rum. Ve-ni-te, a-do-
 dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord.
 remus, Ve-ni-te, a-do-re-mus, Ve-ni-te, a-do-re-mus Do-mi-num.

How Firm a Foundation

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
 What more can He say than to you
 He hath said,
 To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
 To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
 For I am thy God and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand,
 Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

Luther's Cradle Hymn
(Away in a Manger)

MARTIN LUTHER

J. B. HERBERT

Arr. by J.W.B.

1. A-way in a man-ger, no erib for His bed, The
 2. The cat-tle are low-ing; the Ba-by a-wakes; But

Luther's Cradle Hymn—Continued

49

lit - tie Lord Je - sus lay down His sweet head. The stars in the heav - ens Looked
 lit - tie Lord Je - sus no cry - ing He makes. I love Thee, Lord Je - sus Look

down where He lay, The lit - tie Lord Je - sus a - sleep on the hay.
 down from the sky, And stay by my cra - die till morn - ing is nigh.

O, Little Town of Bethlehem

PHILLIPS BROOKS

LEWIS H. REDNER

1. O lit - tie town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie;
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath - ered all a - bove,
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The Won - drous Gift is givin'!
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us, we pray;

A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by:
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n.
 Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
 O mor - ning stars, to geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth;
 No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,
 We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad tid - ings tell;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
 Where meek souls will re - ceive Him, still The dear Christ en - ters in
 O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord E - man - u - el.

It Came upon the Midnight Clear

EDWIN H. SEARS

RICHARD S. WILLIS

P

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled;
3. For lo! the days are has-tning on, By proph-ets seen of old,

From an-gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'n-ly mu-sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world:
When with the ev - er - cir-cling years Shall come the time fore - told,

mf

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heav'n's all-gra-cious King;"
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - ring wing,
When the new heav'n and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King,

pp

The world in sol - emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

CHARLES WESLEY

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and
2. Christ, by high-est heav'n a-dored; Christ, the ev.er.last-ing Lord; Late in time be-
8. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Son of Right-eousness! Light and life to

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing—Concluded

51

mercy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled" Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,
 hold Him come, Off-spring of the fa-vored one. Veiled in flesh, the God-head see;
 all He brings, Ris'n with heal-ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo-ry by,

 Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th'an-gel-ic host proclaim, "Christ is born in
 Hail th'in-car-nate De-i-ty Pleased, as man with men to dwell, Je-sus, our Im-
 Born that man no more may die: Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them

 Beth-le-hem?"
 man-u-el! } Hark! the herald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King!"
 sec-on-d birth.

Glad Christmas Bells

TRADITIONAL

TRADITIONAL

1. Glad Christmas bells, your mu-sic tells
2. No pal-ace hall its ceil-ing tall
3. Nor rai-ment gay, as there He lay,
4. But from a-far, a splendid star
The sweet and pleasant sto-ry;
His king-ly head spread o-ver,
A-dorn'd the in-fant stranger;
The wise men westward turning;

How came to earth, in low-ly birth, The Lord of life and glo-ry.
There on-ly stood a sta-ble rude The heav-enly Babe to cov-er.
Poor, hum-ble Child of moth-er mild, She laid Him in a man-ger.
The live-long night saw pure and bright, A bove His birth place burn-ing.

The First Noel

The term *Noel* is a French word meaning Christmas and is derived from the Latin "natalis" meaning birthday. The songs sung during the Christmas season were known as "Noels," "Nowells" or "Nowells," these names being equivalent to "Carols" in English.

TRADITIONAL

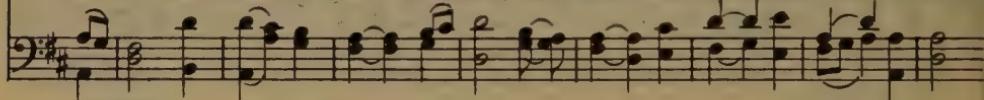
TRADITIONAL



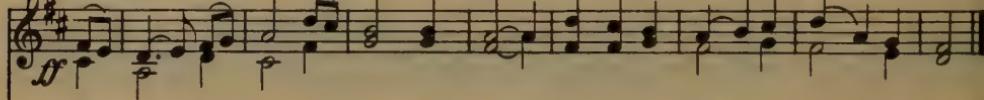
1. The first No - el the an-gel did say Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay,
2. They look-ed—up and—saw—a star Shining in—the East— beyond them far,
3. This star drew nigh to the north-west, O'er— Beth - le-hem— it took—its rest,
4. Then en-ter'd in there Wise-men three, Full—rev - rent - ly— up - on their knee,



In fields where they lay keeping their sheep On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
And—to the earth it gave great light, And so it con-tinued both day and night.
And there it—did both stop and stay Right o-ver the place where Je-sus lay.
And of-fer'd there in His— pres-ence, Their gold and myrrh and frank-in-cense



CHORUS



No - el, No - el, No - el, No - el— Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

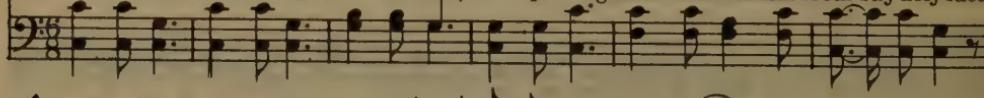
**Silent Night**

JOSEPH MOHR

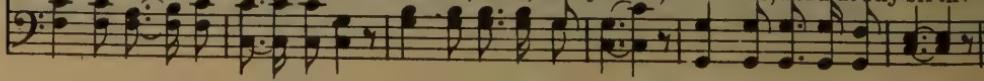
FRANZ GRUBER



1. Si - lent night! Ho-ly night! All is calm, all is bright. Round yon virgin mother and Child!
2. Si - lent night! Ho-ly night! Shepherds quake at the sight! Glories stream from Heaven afar,
3. Si - lent night! Ho-ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Radiant beams from Thy holy face,



Ho - ly Infant, so tender and mild, Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heaven-ly peace.
Heav'ly hosts sing Al-le-lu-ia, Christ, the Savior, is born! Christ, the Savior, is born!
With the dawn of redeeming grace, Je-sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.



Joy to the World!

ISAAC WATTS

GEORGE F. HANDEL
Arr. by Lowell Mason

1. Joy to the world! The Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King;— Let
 2. Joy to the world! The Sav - ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy;—While
 3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground;— He
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove— The

ev -'ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
 fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re -
 comes to make His bless-ings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
 glo-ries of His righteous-ness, And wonders of His love, And

And heav'n, and heav'n and nature

heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
 peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
 as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 won-ders of His love, And wonders, and won - ders of His love.

sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN

1. I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old fa - mil - iar car - ols play;
 2. I thought how, as the day had come, The bel-fries of all Chris - ten - dom
 3. And in despair I bow'd my head: "There is no peace on earth," I said,
 4. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
 5. Till, ring - ing, sing-ing on its way, The world revolved from night to day,

And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, good will to men.
 Had roll'd a-long th'un-bro-ken song Of peace on earth, good will to men.
 "For hate is strong, and mocks the song Of peace on earth, good will to men."
 The wrong shall fail, the right pre-vail, With peace on earth, good will to men!
 A voice, a chime, a chant sub-lime, Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Cantique de Noël

(O Holy Night)

ADOLPHE ADAM

Slowly and majestically

1. O ho - ly
2. Led by the
3. Tru-ly He

night! — the stars are bright-ly shin - ing, It is the
light — of faith se - rene - ly beam - ing, With glow - ing
taught us to love — one an - oth - er; His law is

night of the dear Sav-iour's birth;
hearts by His cra - dle we stand;
love, and His gos - pel is peace;

Long lay the
So led by
Chains shall He

world — in sin and er - ror pin - ing, Till He ap -
light of a star — sweet-ly gleam - ing, Here came the
break, for the slave — is our bro - ther, And in His

Cantique de Noel—Continued

peared and the soul felt its worth.
wise men from O - ri - ent land.
name all op - pres - sion shall cease.

A thrill of hope the
The King of kings lay
Sweet hymns of joy in

pp

wea - ry soul re-joic - es, For yon - der breaks a new and glorious morn;
thus in low - ly man-ger, In all our tri - als born to be our friend;
grate-ful cho-rus raise we, Let all with - in us praise His ho - ly name;

1st time through refrain is sung by solo voice, 2d time, four part.

Fall on your knees,
He knows our need,
Christ is the Lord,

Oh, hear the an-gele voi - ces! O
To our weak - ness is no stran-ger. Be -
Oh, praise His name for-ev - er! His

f

Cantique de Nöel—Concluded

night di - vine, O night when Christ was born! O
 hold your King, be - fore Him low - ly bend! Be -
 pow'r and glo - ry ev - er-more pro-claim His

night O ho - ly night O night di - vine!
 hold your King be - fore Him low - ly bend!
 pow'r and glo - ry ev - er-more pro-claim!

night, O ho - ly night, O night di - vine!
 hold your King be - fore him low - ly bend!
 pow'r and glo - ry ev - er-more pro-claim!

Come Ye Thankful People

HENRY ALFORD

GEORGE J. ELVEY

1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home;
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit to His great praise to yield;
 3. Ev - en so, Lord, quick-ly come, Hold Thy fi - nal har - vest - home;

All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
 Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown:
 Gath - er Thou Thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;

God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;
 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear:
 There, for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, In Thy pres - ence to a - bide:

Come Ye Thankful People—Concluded

Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home.
 Grant, O har-vest Lord, that we Whole-some grain and pure may be.
 Come, with all Thine an-gels, come, Raise the glo-ri-ous har-vest-home.

Good King Wenceslas

JOHN NEAL

Moderately quick

TRADITIONAL

CHO. 1. Good King Wences-las look'd out On the Feast of Stephen, When the snow lay
 TEN. S. 2. "Hith-er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, tell-ing; Yon-der peas-ant,
 TEN. S. 3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine-logs hith-er; Thou and I will
 TEN. S. 4. "Sire, the night is dark-er now, And the wind blows stronger; Fails my heart, I
 CHO. 5. In his mas-ter's steps he trod, Where the snow lay din-ten; Heat was in the

round a-bout, Deep and crisp and e-ven; Brightly shone the moon that night, Tho' the frost wa-
 who is he? Where, and what his dwel-ling?" "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Underneath the
 see him dine When we bear them thither." "Page and monarch forth they went, Forth they went to
 know not how, I can go no long-er." "Mark my foot-steps, my good page Tread thou in them
 ver-y sod Which the saint had printed; Therefore, Christian men, be sure, Wealth or rank pos-

a little slower

cru-el, When a poor man came in sight, Gath'ring win-ter fu - el.
 mountain; Right a-gainst the for-est fence, By Saint Ag-nes' foun-tain."
 geth-er; Thro' the rude wind's wild lament And the bit-ter weath-er.
 bold-ly: Thou shalt find the win-ter's rage Freeze thy blood less cold - ly.,
 sess-ing, Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall yourselves find bless - ing.

Christ, the Lord, Is Risen Today

CHARLES WESLEY

"LYRA DAVIDICA"

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,
 2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 3. Lives a-gain our glo-rious King:
 4. Soar we now where Christ has led,

Sons of men and
 Christ has burst the
 Where, O death, is
 Following our ex-

an - gels say:
 gates of hell:
 now thy sting?
 alt - ed Head:

Raise your joys and triumphs high;
 Death in vain for - bids His rise;
 Once He died our souls to save:
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;

Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, reply.
 Christ has opened Par-a-dise.
 Wh're thy victo - ry, O grave?
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Al - le - lu - ia!

Hark! Ten Thousand Voices

T. KELLY (St. Oswald) JOHN B. DYKES

1. Hark! ten thousand voi - ces sound-ing, Far and wide thro' - out the sky;
 2. Je - sus lives, His con-flict o - ver, Lives to claim His great re-ward;
 3. Yon - der throne for Him e - rect - ed Now becomes the Vic-tor's seat;
 4. All the pow'r's of heav'n a-dore Him, All o - obey His sovereignword;

'Tis the voice of joy a-bound-ing, Je-sus lives no more to die.
 An - gels round the Vic - tor hover, Crowding to be - hold their Lord.
 Lo, the Man on earth re - ject-ed, An-gels wor-ship at His feet!
 Day and night they cry be - fore Him, "Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!"

Schubert's Serenade

The name of Franz Peter Schubert, the great Vienna composer, is always associated with song. Other composers of his time gave their thoughts to the composition of operas, oratorios, symphonies, etc., and while Schubert also composed a few of these, he chose the song as the means for expression of his choicest musical thought. During his short lifetime of but thirty-one years (1797-1828), he composed over six hundred songs. His "Serenade" has always been popular. Another of his songs, "The Linden Tree" is given on another page.

TRANSLATION

FRANZ SCHUBERT

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are soprano voices in G major, indicated by a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The bottom two staves are bass voices in C major, indicated by a bass clef and a key signature of no sharps or flats. The music is in common time, with a tempo marking of quarter note = 120. The vocal parts enter at different times, with the basses beginning first, followed by the sopranos. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts, appearing below the notes. The music concludes with a final cadence on the dominant chord.

1. Thro' the leaves the night winds mov-ing, Mur - mur low and sweet;
 2. Moon-light on the earth is sleep-ing, Winds are rus - tling low;

To thy cham - ber win - dow row - ing
 Where the dark - ling streams are creep - ing

Schubert's Serenade—Continued

love hath led my feet.
Dear - est let us go.

Si - lent pray'rs of bliss - ful feel - ing Link us tho' a -
All the stars keep watch in heav - en, While I sing to

part, thee, Link us tho' a - part. On the breath of
While I sing to thee. And the night for

Schubert's Serenade-Continued

mu - sic steal - ing To thy dream - ing heart,
love is giv - en Dear - est come to me,

To thy dream - ing heart.
Dear - est come to me.

Sad - ly in thefor- est mourn - ing Wails the whippoor-

Schubert's Serenade-Concluded

63

will; And the heart for thee is yearn-ing;

Bid it, love, be still, Bid it, love, be still.

Bid it, love be still.

A Merry Life

(Funiculi, Funicula)

FROM THE ITALIAN

Rapidly and with spirit

LUIGI DENZA

L. = 96

SOLO

1. Some think _____
2. Ah, me! _____

p

— the world is made for fun and frolic, — And so do I!
— 'tis strange that some should take to sighing, — And like it well!

CHORUS

— And so do I! — Some think _____ it well to
— And like it well! — For me, _____ I have not

f

be all melan-chol - ie, — To pine and sigh, — To pine and
thot it worth the try - ing, — So can-not tell! — So can-not

CHORUS

A Merry Life—Continued

65

SOLO

*p*sigh; _____
tell! _____But I, _____ I love to spend my time in
With laugh, _____ and dance, and song, the day soon*p*

CHORUS

sing - ing — Some joy - ous song, — Some joy - ous song;
pass - es, — Full soon is gone, — Full soon is gone;

SOLO

— To set — the air with mu-sic brave-ly ring - ing —
For mirth — was made for joy-ous lads and lass - es —

CHORUS

— Is far from wrong! —
— To call their own! —Is far from wrong! —
To call their own! —

A Merry Life-Concluded

First time Solo, Second time Chorus.

Hark-en! Hark-en! Music sounds a-far! — Hark-en! Hark-en!

Hark-en! Hark-en! Music sounds a-far! — Hark-en! Hark-en!

Mu-sic sounds a-far! Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la,

Mu-sic sounds a-far! Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la,

Joy is ev'-rywhere, Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la.

Joy is ev'-rywhere, Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la.

The Alphabet

Lively

WOLFGANG MOZART

p

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o,
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o,
k l m n o p q, k l m n o p q - r s t u v
k l m n o p q, k l m n o p q - r s t u v w
x y and z - a b c d
x y and z - a b c d

mf

p

e f g h i j k l m n o, k l m n o p q
e f g h i j k l m n o, k l m n o p q,
a b c d e f g h i j k l, k l m m n n o, k l m n o p q,
k l m n o p q, r s t u v w x y and z .
k l m n o p q, r s t u v w x y and z .

I Would That My Love

HEINRICH HEINE

With a lively motion

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

1. I would that my love could si - lent - ly
 2. To thee on their wings my fair - est, that

flow in a sin - gle word, I'd give it the mer - ry
 soul - felt word they would bear, Should'st hear it at ev - 'ry

breez - es They'd waft it a-way in sport, I'd
 mo - ment, And hear — it ev - 'ry where, Should'st

sf cresc.

give it the mer - ry breez - es, They'd waft it a-way in
 hear it at ev - 'ry mo - ment, And hear — it ev - 'ry

p

I Would That My Love-Continued

sport; a-way in sport,— a-way in sport,— they'd—
 where; and ev'-ry where,— and ev'-ry where,— and —

sf

waft it a-way in sport.
 hear — it ev'-ry where.

sf

At night — when thine eye-lids in

sf p

pp

slum - ber have clos'd those bright heav'nly beams, Still
 pp

I Would That My Love-Concluded

cresc.

there my love — it will haunt — thee e'en in thy deep - est

cresc.

dreams, Still there my love it will haunt thee e'en

e'en in thy deep - est

in thy deepest dreams.

thy deepest dreams, E'en

in thy deep - est, deep - est dreams.

p

Calm as the Night

71

FROM THE GERMAN

Calmly

CARL BOHM

slightly slower

In time

Calm as the night, Deep as the sea,

In time

Thy love for me should be.

slower *intime*

Calm as the night, — And deep as the sea,

Calm as the Night-Continued

Thy love for me, thy love for me — should be,

pp *slower*

Thy love, thy love — should be.

pp *slower* *pp* *in time*

mf *in time*

If thou lov'st me

slower *in time*

mf

p *slower* *in time*

As I love thee, — Thine, thine for - e'er — I'll be.

p *slower* *in time*

Calm as the Night-Concluded

73

f faster

Glow - ing as steel — And firm as the

hills Thy love should be, thy love for me — should

be, — Thy love for me — should be. —

slower *in time*

p *slower* *p in time*

slower

The Rose of Allandale

CHARLES JEFFRY

SIDNEY NELSON

Arranged by WALTER GOODELL

Moderately

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS

1. The morn was fair, the
2. Wher-e'er I wandered,
3. And when my fe-vered

When
A
She

skies were clear, No breath came o'er the sea When
east or west, Tho' fate be - gan to lour,
lips were parch'd On Af - ric's burn - ing sand,

a little slower *in time*

Ma - ry left her high-land cot, And wandered forth with me; Tho'
sol - ace still was she to me In sorrow's lone - ly hour;
whis-per'd hopes of hap - pi - ness, And tales of dis tant land; My

a little slower *in time*

The Rose Of Allandale-Concluded

75

mf a little slower

flow - ers deck'd the moun-tain's side, And fragrance fill'd the vale, By tem - pests lash'd our gal - lant bark, And rent her shiv - ring sail, One life has been a wil - der - ness, Un - blest by for - tune's gale, Had

mf a little slower

faster *mf*

far the sweet-est flow-er there Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale.
maid-en form with-stood the storm? Twas the Rose of Al - lan - dale.
fate not link'd my lot to hers, The Rose of Al - lan - dale.

p *mf*

spirited *a little slower* *p*

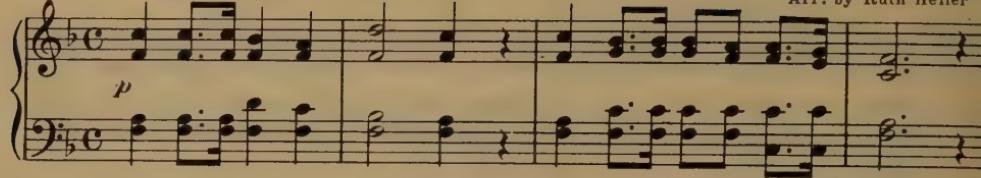
The Rose of Al - lan - dale, the Rose of Al - lan - dale, By

in time *mf*

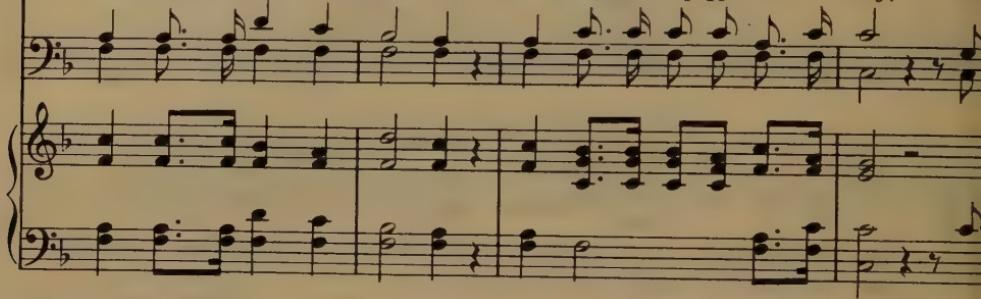
far the sweet est flow-er there Was the Rose of Al - lan - dale.

S.C.F. *Moderato*

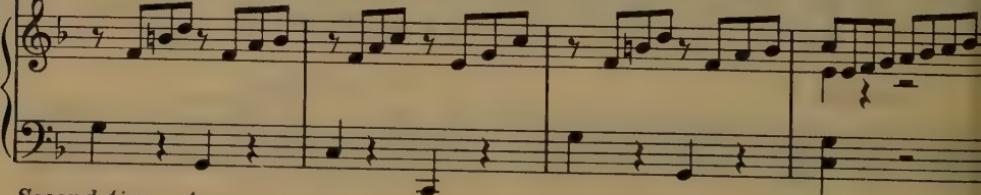
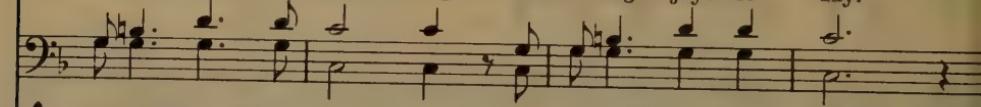
STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by Ruth Heller



Come where my love lies dream-ing, Dream-ing the hap-py hours a - way, In



vi-sions bright re - deem - ing The fleet-ing joys of day.

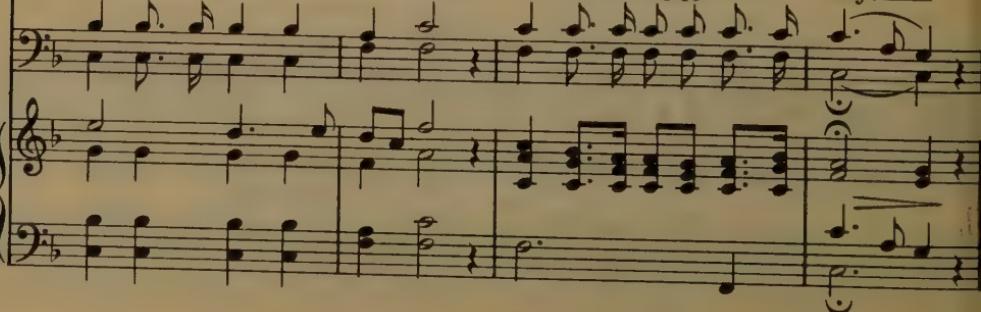


Second time a tempo

Dream - ing the hap-py hours,



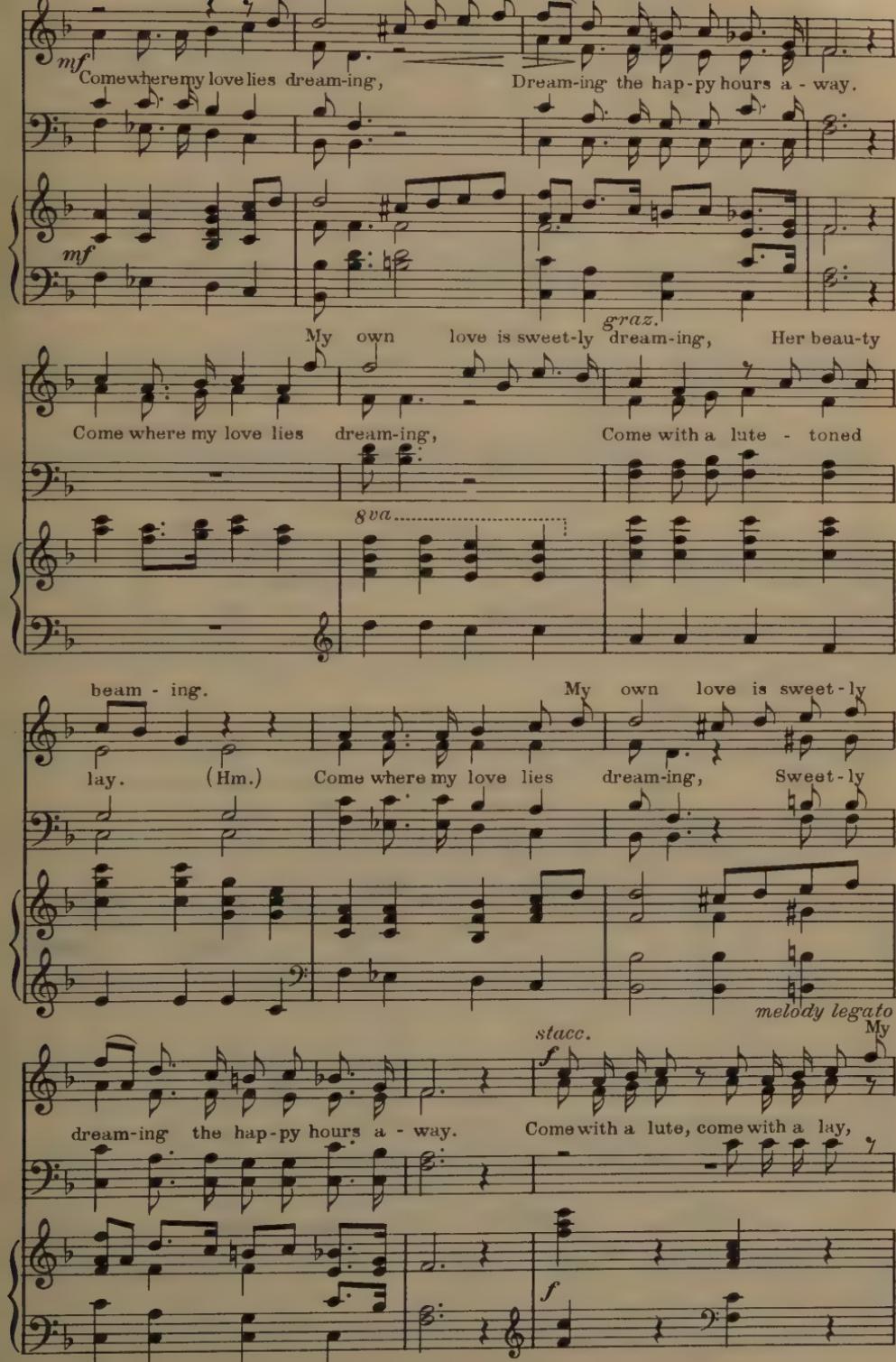
Come where my love lies dream-ing, Dream-ing the hap-py hours a - way.



mf Come where my love lies dream-ing, Dream-ing the hap-py hours a-way.
mf My own love is sweet-ly graz. Her beau-ty

Come where my love lies dream-ing, Come with a lute-toned
s8va.

beam-ing. My own love is sweet-ly
lay. (Hm.) Come where my love lies dream-ing, Sweet-ly
melody legato
stacc. My
dream-ing the hap-py hours a-way. Come with a lute, come with a lay,



own

love is sweet-ly dream-ing,

her beau-ty beam-ing,

Come, come,

*lento con grazia tempo**mf*

Come where my love lies, My own love is sweet-ly dream-ing the hap-py hours a-

*Second time
to Coda**mf*

way. Soft is her slum - ber, Thoughts bright and free

gva.

Dance through her dreams Like gush-ing mel - o - dy;

Light is her young heart, Light may it be;

ritardando

Come where my love lies dream - ing.

ritardando

CODA rit.

Dream - ing the hap - py hours a - way.

8va

Stephen C. Foster

Stephen Collins Foster, a truly American writer of what may be called the folk songs of America, was born July 4th, 1826 at Lawrenceburg, Pennsylvania, now a part of Pittsburgh, and died in New York in 1864. From an early age he was interested in music. He often attended negro camp meetings and there studied the music of the colored people.

Chief among Foster's characteristics was his tenderness. This quality is reflected in all of his songs.

Gentle Annie

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by J.W.B.

1. Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie, Like a flow'r thy spir-it did de-part, Thou art
 2. We have roamed in youth'mid the bowers When thy downy cheeks were in their bloom, Now I

hm
Hm
hm
Hm

gone, a-las, like the many That have bloomed in the summer of my heart.
stand alone 'mid the flowers, While they min-gle their perfume o'er thy tomb. REFRAIN

Shall we

never more be - hold thee, Never hear thy winning voice a-gain, When the
spring time comes, gentle An-nie, When the wild flow'r's are scatter'd o'er the plain?

S.F.C.

Fairy-Belle

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by J.W.B.*Moderately*

1. The pride of the vil-lage, and the fair-est in the dell, Is the
 2. She sings to the meadows, and she car-ols to the streams; She

1. The pride of the vil-lage, and the fair-est in the dell, Is the
 2. She sings to the meadows, and she car-ols to the streams; She

queen of my song, and her name is Fair-y Belle; The sound of her light step may be
 laughs in the sun-light, and smiles while in her dreams; Her hair, like the thistle-down, is

Fairy-Belle-Concluded

81

heard up-on the hill, Like the fall of the snowdrops or the dripping of the rill.
borne up-on the air, And her heart like the hummingbirds is free from ev'-ry care.

Fair-y - Belle, gentle Fairy-Belle, The star of the night and the lil-y of the day,
Fair-y-Belle, The queen of all the dell, Long may she revel on her bright, sunny way.

Gentle Annie and Fairy Belle are two of Foster's numbers which are comparatively little known. They have been so arranged as to make them useful for either mixed or male quartet. For male voices, have first tenor take the alto part, singing it in the range as written; the second tenor takes the soprano an octave lower than written; the first bass takes the upper part in the bass clef and the second bass the lower.

De Bezem (Round)

This Dutch round is great fun, whether the singers can pronounce the words correctly or not. The phonetic pronunciation, with translation is given below.

FROM THE NETHERLANDS

DUTCH WORDS: De be - zem, de be - zem, Wat doe je er mee, Wat doe je er mee?

PRONUNCIATION: Dă bay-sŭm, dă bay-sŭm, Wat doo yă airmay, Wat doo yă air may?

TRANSLATION: The broom, the broom, What do you with it, What do you with it?

Wij ve-gen er mee, Wij vē-gen er mee, De vloer aan, de vloer aan.
Way fay-gan air may, Way fay-gan air may, Da fluor on, da fluor on.
We sweep with it, We sweep with it, The floor up, the floor up.

Row, Row, Row Your Boat (Round)

E.O. LYTE

Row, row, row your boat Gen - tly down the stream;

Mer - ri - ly, Life is but a dream.

Welcome, Sweet Springtime

ANTON RUBINSTEIN

§

1. { Wel - come sweet spring time we greet thee in
Sun - shine now wakes all the flow - 'rets from
D.S. Sing then, ye birds, raise your voi - ces on

song, Mur-murs of glad-ness fall on the ear; — Voi - ces long
sleep, Joy giv - ing in - cense floats on the air; — Snow-drop and
high Flow'rets a - wake ye! burst in - to bloom! — Spring time is

hush'd now their full notes prolong — Ech - o-ing far and near. —
prim-rose both tim-id-ly peep, — Hail we the glad new - year. —
come and sweet summer is nigh, — Sing, then ye birds, O sing! —

Balm - y and life breathing breez - es are blow - ing Swift - ly to

Welcome, Sweet Springtime-Concluded

83

na - ture new vig - or be - stow - ing Ah! how my heart beats with rapture a -
D.S.al Fine.
 new, As earth's fairest beau - ties a - gain meet my view.

Good Night

(Round)

1 Good night to you all, and sweet be thy sleep; May an-gels a -
 2
 3 round you their si-lent watch keep, Good night, good night, good night, good night.

The Bell Is Ringing

(Round)

Lively 1 Hark! the bell is ringing, Calling us to singing, Hear the cheerful lay, Come, come, come away!
 2 Hark! the bell is ringing, Calling us to singing, Hear the cheerful lay, Come, come, come away!
 3 Hark! hark! the bell is ringing Calling us to singing, Come, come, come away!

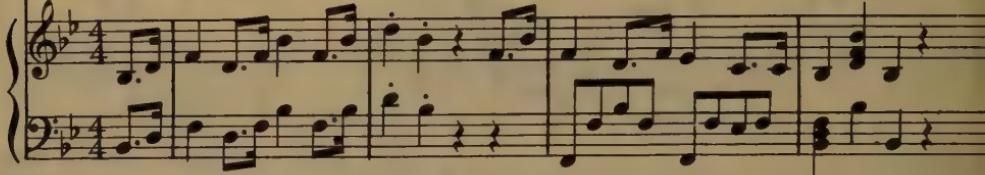
PENN MILITARY COLLEGE

Taps

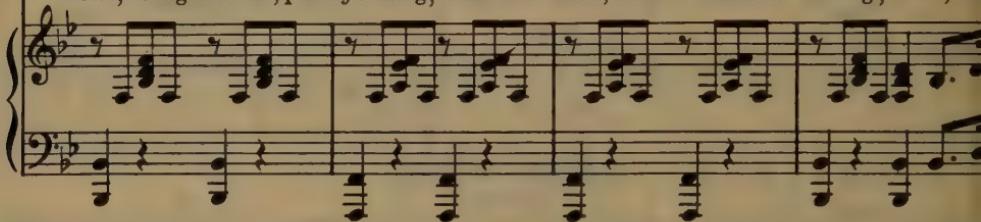
U. S. ARMY BUGLE CALL

Day is done, gone the sun, From the lake, from the hill, from the sky; All is well, Safe-ly rest, God is nigh.

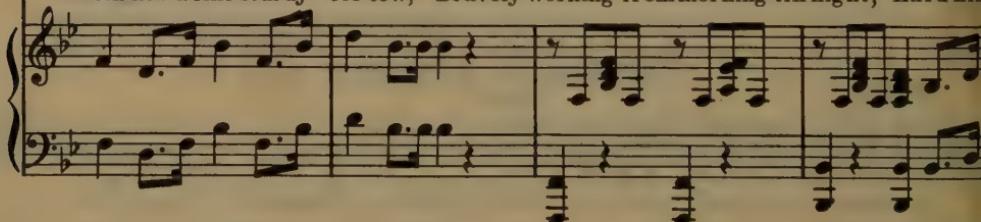
1. Oh! the
2. Blow the
3. Let the



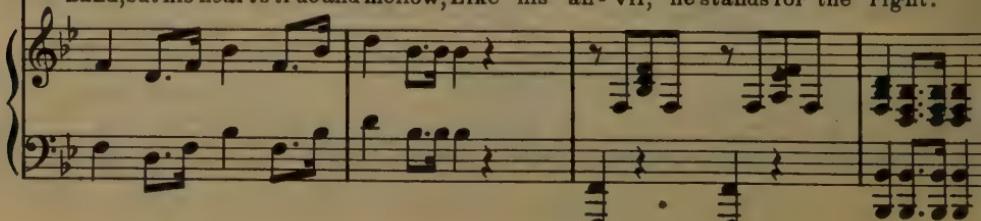
blacksmith's a fine sturdy fel-low, Hard his hand, but his heart's true and mellow See him
fire, stir the coals, heaping more on, Till the iron's all a glow, let it roar on! While the
blows, strong and sure, quickly falling, Haste the work, for the iron fast is cooling; Oh,



stand there his huge bellows blowing, With his strong brawny arms free and bare. See the
smith high his hammer's a-swing-ing, Fi-ry sparks fall in show'rs all a-round, And the
smith he's a fine sturdy fel-low, Bravely working from morning till night; Hard his



fire in the furnace a glowing, Bright its sparkle and flash, loud its roar.
sledge on the an-vil is ringing, Fills the air with its loud clang-ing sound.
hand, but his heart's true and mellow, Like his an-vil, he stands for the right.





1. When first I saw sweet Peggy, 'Twas on a market day, A low-back'd car she
2. In bat-tle's wild commotion, The proud and mighty Mars, With hostile scythes, de-
3. Sweet Peggy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the scores of hearts she
4. I'd rath-er own that car, sir, With Peg-gy by my side, Than a coach-and-four and



drove, and sat Up - on a truss of hay; But when that hay was blooming grass, And
mands his tithes Of death, in war-like cars; While Peggy, peace-ful god - dess, Has
slaugh - ters By far out-number these; While she a-mong her poul-try sits, Just
gold galore, And a la-dy for my bride; For the lady would sit for-ninst me, On a



deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No flow'r was there that would compare With the blooming girl I
darts in her bright eye, That knock mendown in the markettown, As right and left they
like a tur - tie - dove, Well worth the cage, I do engage, Of the blooming God of
cush - ion made with taste, While Peggy would sit be-side me With my arm around her

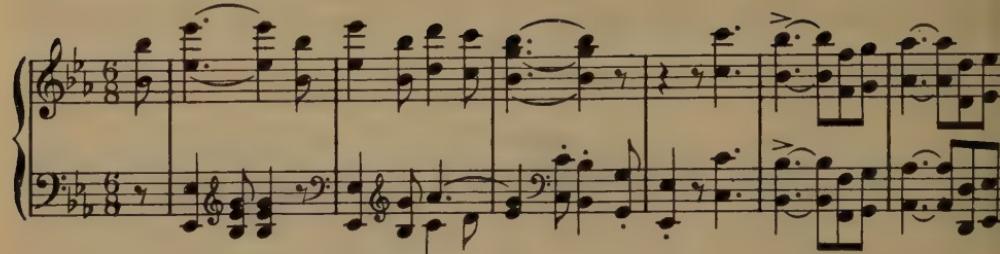


sing, As she sat in the low-back'd car; The man at the turn-pike bar Nev - er
fly, While she sits in her low-back'd car Than battles more dangerous far For
Love! While she sits in her low-back'd car, The lovers come near and far And
waist, As we drove in a low-back'd car, To be married by Fa-ther Maher, O, my

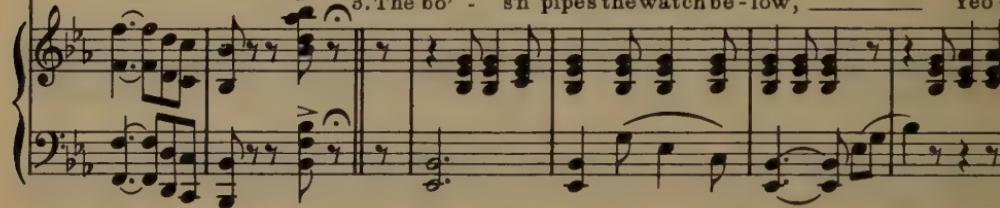


ask'd for the toll, But just rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd af-ter the low-back'd car.
the doctor's art Can - not cure the heart That is hit from the low-back'd car.
en - vy the chick-en That Peg - gy is pickin', As she sits in the low-back'd car.
heart would beat high At her glance and her sigh, Tho'it beat in a low-back'd car.

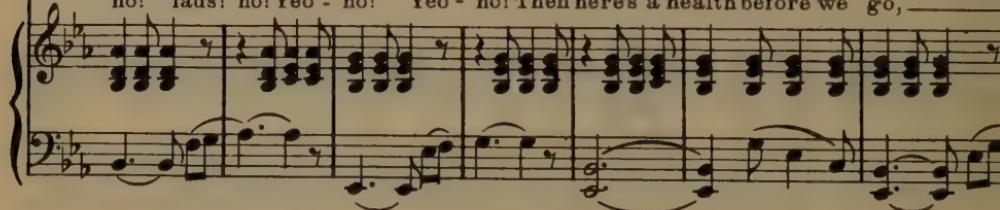


*With spirit*

1. Of all the wives as e'er you know, _____ Yeo -
 2. The har - bor's past, the breezes blow, _____ Yeo -
 3. The bo' - s'n pipes the watch be - low, _____ Yeo -

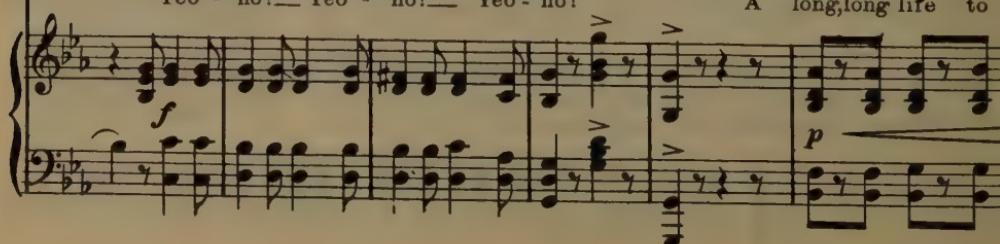


ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow,
 ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! 'Tis long ere we come back, I know,
 ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! Then here's a health before we go,



Yeo - ho! — Yeo - ho! — Yeo - ho!
 Yeo - ho! — Yeo - ho! — Yeo - ho!
 Yeo - ho! — Yeo - ho! — Yeo - ho!

See there she stands an'
 But true an' bright fro
 A long, long life to



waves her hand up - on — the quay, An' ev'ry day when I'm a-way shell
morn till night my home — will be, An' all so neat an'snug an'sweet for
my sweet wife an' mates — at sea, An' keep my bones from Da-vy Jones wher-

watch for me, An' whisper low when tempests blow, for Jack at sea; Yeo-
Jack at sea, An' Nancy's face to bless the place, an' wel - come me; Yeo-
e'er we be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - ey Lee; Yeo-

ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! The sail - or's wife the sail-or's

star shall be, Yeo - ho! we go a - cross the sea; The sail - or's

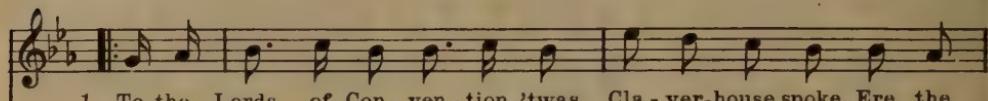
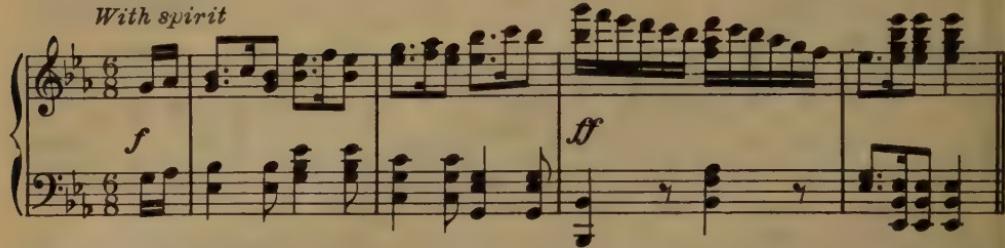
wife the sailor's star shall be, The sailor's wife his star shall be. —

The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee

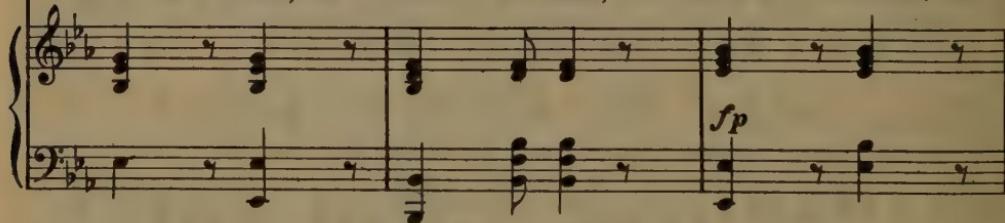
(Air—"The Band At A Distance")

SIR WALTER SCOTT

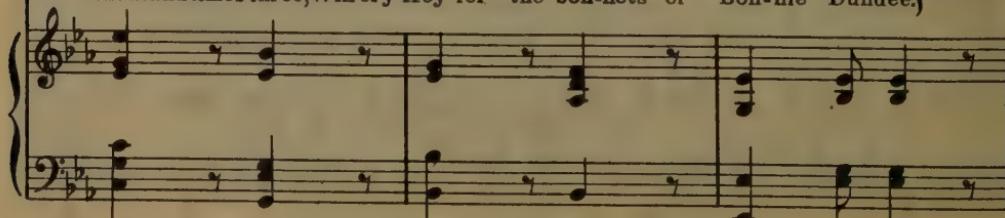
Arr. by Sir G. A. MacFarren

With spirit

King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke; So each Cav- u-lier who loves
Lords in the South, there are Chiefs in the North, There are brave Duinewaessals, three



hon-our and me Let him fol-low the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dundee. Come
thousand times three, Will cry "Hey for the bon-nets of Bon-nie Dundee."



The Bonnets Of Bonnie Dundee—Continued

89

fill up my cup,—come fill up my can, Come saddle my horses and
call out my men, Un-hook the West Port and let us go free, For its
up wi' the bon-nets o' Bon-nie Dun-dee.

2. Dun - dee, he is mount-ed, he rides up the street,—The
4. Then a - wa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks, Ere I

bells they ring back-ward the drums they are beat, But the
own a u - surp - er I'll crouch wi' the fox, And —

The Bonnets Of Bonnie Dundee-Concluded

Pro - vost (douce man) said "Just e'en let it be, For the
trem - ble false Whigs, in the midst o' your glee, Ye ha'e

town is weel rid o' that de'il o'Dundee," } Come fill up my cup, come
no seen the last o' my bon-nets and me. }

fill up my can, Come saddle my horses and call out my men, Un -

hook the West Port and let us go free, For its up wi' the bon-nets o'

Bon - nie Dun - dee.

WORDS TRADITIONAL
Not too slowly

Leezie Lindsay

OLD SCOTCH SONG

91

1. "Will ye gang to the
2. "To ____ gang to the
3. Then ____ up be - spak'
4. She has kilt - ed her
5. He has led her high

Musical score for the first system of 'Leezie Lindsay'. The music is in common time (indicated by '4'). The key signature changes from G major (two sharps) to F major (one sharp), then to D major (one sharp), and finally to C major (no sharps or flats). The vocal line consists of two parts: a soprano part in G major and an alto part in F major. The bassoon part is in D major. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords in G, F, D, and C major.

Musical score for the second system of 'Leezie Lindsay'. The music continues in common time. The vocal parts remain in G major, F major, and D major respectively. The bassoon part continues its rhythmic pattern. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords in G, F, D, and C major.

Hie - lands, 'Lee-zie Lind-say? Will ye gang to the hie - lands wi'
Hie - lands, wi' you, sir! I din - na ken how that may
Lee - zie's best wo - man, A bon - nie young las - sie was
coats o' green - sat - in, She has kilt - ed them up to the
up - on a mountain, And bade her look out o'er the

Musical score for the third system of 'Leezie Lindsay'. The music continues in common time. The vocal parts remain in G major, F major, and D major respectively. The bassoon part continues its rhythmic pattern. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords in G, F, D, and C major.

me; Will ye gang to the Hie - lands, Lee - zie Lind - say, My
be; For I ken - na the land that ye live in, Nor
she; "Had I but a mark in my pock - et, It's
knee, And she's aff to the Hie - lands wi' Don - ald, His
sea; "These isles are Lord Ron - ald Mac - Don - ald's, And his

Musical score for the fourth system of 'Leezie Lindsay'. The music continues in common time. The vocal parts remain in G major, F major, and D major respectively. The bassoon part continues its rhythmic pattern. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords in G, F, D, and C major.

bride and my dar - ling to be?"
ken I the lad I'm gaun - wi."
Don - ald that I wad gang - wi."
bride and his dar - ling to be.
bride and his dar - ling are - ye."

Musical score for the fifth system of 'Leezie Lindsay'. The music continues in common time. The vocal parts remain in G major, F major, and D major respectively. The bassoon part continues its rhythmic pattern. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords in G, F, D, and C major.

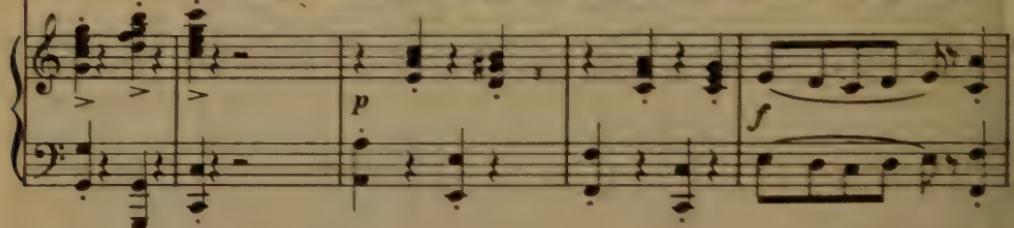
The Midshipmite

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY

STEPHEN ADAMSS

Lively

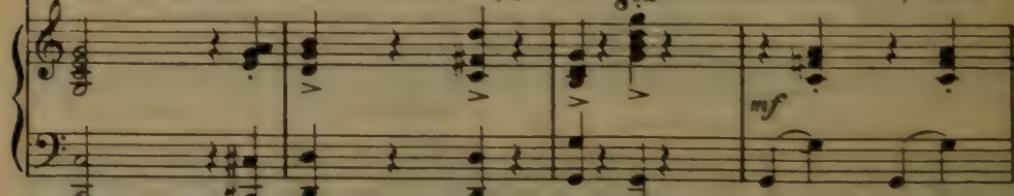
1. 'Twas in 'fif - ty-five, on a win-ter's night, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo
 2. We — launched the cutter an'shoved her out, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo
 3. "I'm — done for now, good - bye!" says he, Stead-i - ly, my lads, yo



ho! We'd got the Roo-shan lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle —
 ho! The lub - bers might ha' — heard us shout, As the Mid-dy — cried: "Now, my
 ho! "You make for the boat, never mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee — back, sir, or



Mid - ship-mite, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll — go a - shore to -
 lads, put a - bout!" Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We — made for the guns, an' we
 die," — says we, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! *gta* So we hoist-ed him in, in a



The Midshipmite—Concluded

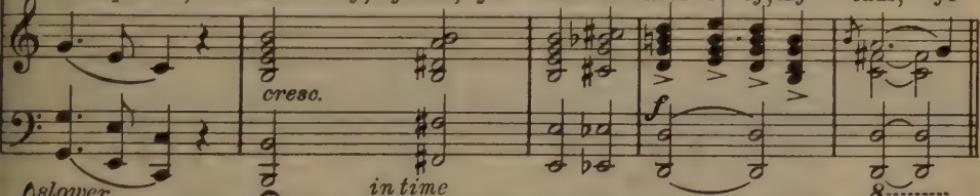
93



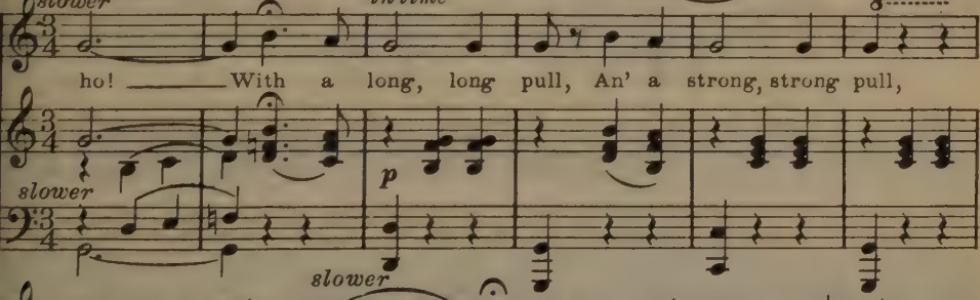
night," says he, "An' spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why bless'ee sir, come a - rammed them tight, But the musket shots came left and right, An' down drops the poor little ter - ri - ble plight, An' we pulled, ev'ry man with all his might, An' saved the poor lit - tle



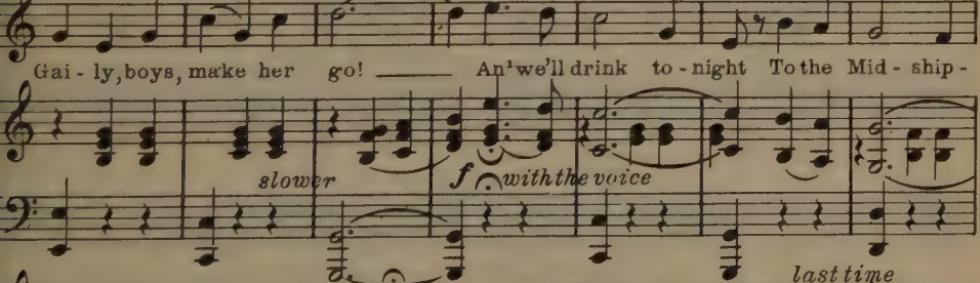
long" says we, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! — Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo
 Mid - ship - mite, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! — Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo
 Mid - ship - mite, Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo ho! — Cheer - i - ly, my lads, yo



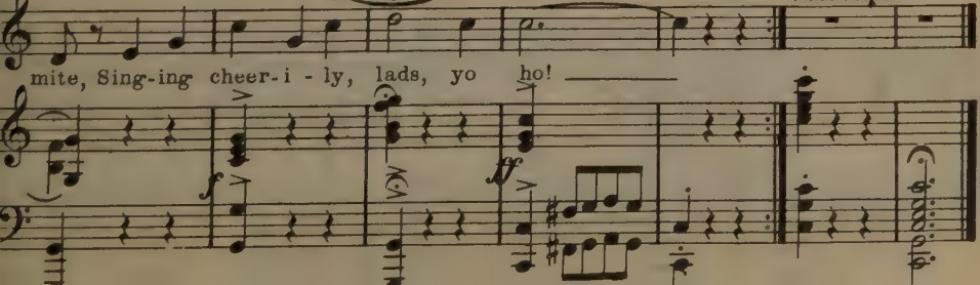
ho! — With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull,



Gai - ly, boys, make her go! — An' we'll drink to - night To the Mid - ship -



mite, Sing-ing cheer-i - ly, lads, yo ho! —



A Warrior Bold

The name of the composer, Steven Adams, is a nom-de-plume used by Michael Maybrick: "A Warrior Bold" and "Nancy Lee", which will also be found in this book, are among his most popular songs. Maybrick was born in Liverpool in 1844.

EDWIN THOMAS

STEPHEN ADAM

With Spirit

1. In days of old, when knights were bold, And barons held the

2. So this brave knight, in ar-mor bright, Went gai-ly to the

sway, A war-rior bold, with spurs of gold, Sang mer- ri- ly his lay; — Sang
fray; He fought the fight, but ere the night, His soul had pass'd a - way, — His

mer- ri- ly his lay: "My love is young and fair, My love hath gold-en
soul had pass'd a - way. The plighted ring he wore Was crush'd and wet with

A Warrior Bold—Concluded

hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That none with her com-pare. So
gore, Yet ere he died, he brave-ly cried, "I've kept the vow I swore. So

what care I tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die, So what care I, tho'
what care I tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and die, So what care I, tho'

death be nigh, I'll live for love or die." death be nigh, I've fought for love, for love I die,

— I've fought for love, For love, for love I die."

The musical score consists of eight staves of music for voice and piano. The vocal part uses a soprano C-clef, while the piano part uses a bass F-clef. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal line features several melodic phrases, some with eighth-note patterns and others with sustained notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and rhythmic patterns. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts, with some lines appearing above the staff and others below. The score is presented on a single page with a clear layout.

The Three Chafers

(Male Voices)

FRIEDRICH H. TRÜHN

Briskly

1. There were three young and gal - lant chaf - ers, Who with a mer-ry
 2. And soon they found a love - ly, love - ly flow'r, As tempt-ing as a
 3. The pret - ty flow'r was wide - so wide a-wake, And art - ful-ler than
 4. Her aunt the spi - der, heard, she heard the call, And came like Fee-faw
 5. And while she sat she watch'd, she watch'd her prey, And when she saw them
 6. The flow'r, tho'love-ly, had, she had a heart, As hol - low as a

hum, hum, hum, [★]Sum-a,
 plum,plum,plum, Sum-a,
 some,some,some, Sum-a,
 fun,fum,fum, Sum-a,
 come,come,come, Sum-a,
 drum,drum,drum, Sum-a,

sum,sum,sum, sum, sum,sum,sum, sum, sum, sum,sum,sum,

BASS OR ALTO SOLO.

In dew their nos-es
 They all at once were
 She call'd her aunt, the
 At once her net she
 She pounç'd up - on the
 Shelaugh'd and said we've

sum, sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,sum,sum, sum, sum,sum, sum, sum,sum,sum,

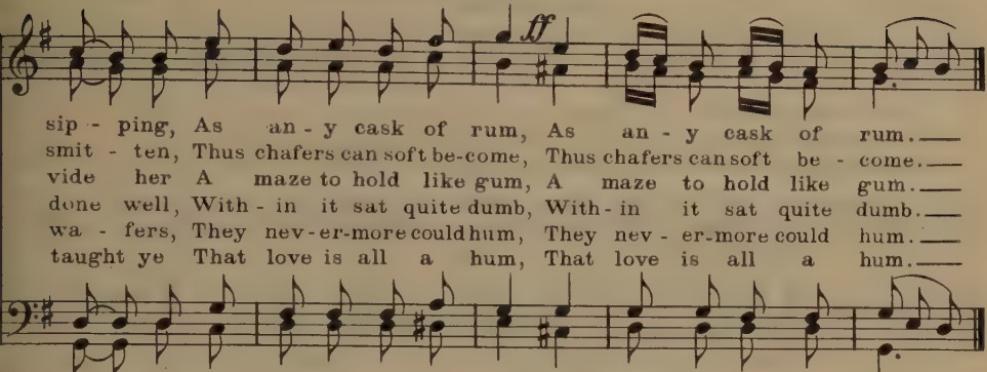
dip - ping, In dew their nos-es dip - ping, As tip - sy grew with
 bit - ten, They all at once were bit - ten, They all were deep - ly
 spi - der, She call'd her aunt, the spi - der, And begg'd she would pro-
 spun well, At once her net she spun well, 'And when she tho't it
 chaf - ers, She pounç'd up - on the chaf - ers, And suck'd them thin as
 caught ye, Shelaugh'd and said we've caught ye, Fine chaf-ers and we've

sum, sum, sum, sum, sum,sum,sum, sum,

As tip - sy grew with
 They all were deep - ly
 And begg'd she would pro-
 And when she tho't it
 And suck'd them thin as
 Fine chaf-ers and we've

sip - ping, As an-y cask of rum, Sum,sum,
 smit - ten, Thus chafers can soft be-come, Sum,sum,
 vide her A maze to hold like gum, Sum,sum,
 done well, With-in it sat quite dumb, Sum,sum,
 wa - fers, They nev-er-more could hum, Sum,sum,
 taught ye That love is all a hum, Sum,sum,

The Three Chafers-Concluded



* Pronounced Zoom.

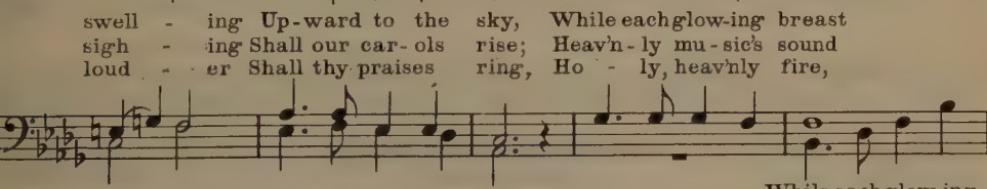
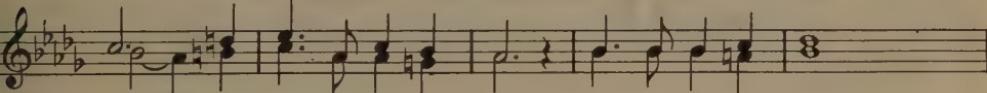
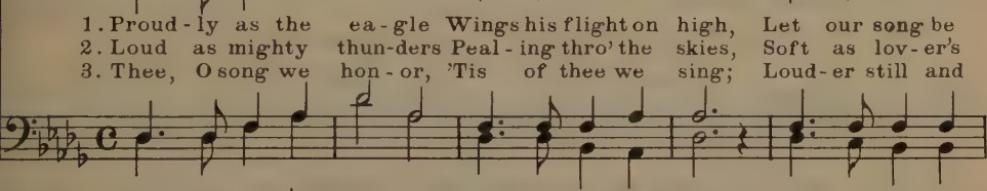
Note: This number may be used for quartet of unchanged voices by pitching one octave higher than when sung by male voices.

Proudly As the Eagle

(Male Voices)

LOUIS SPOHR

ALFRED STONE
Vigorously



While each glow-ing breast Thrills with rapture blest.
 Heav'n - ly mu - sic's sound Spreading joy a - round.
 Ho - ly, heav'nly fire, Thou dost e'er in - spire.



Thrills with rapture blest, each glowing breast
 Spreading joy a-round, sweet music's sound,
 Thou dost e'er in-spire with heav'nly fire,

The Hunter's Farewell

(Male Voices)

FELIX MENDELSSOHN

Arr. by J.W.B.

TRANSLATION

1. Who a-loft thy head did raise, For-est green the mountains crowning? With glad heart thy beauty
 2. We must seek our home below, Leave the deer in peace re-pos-ing, Ere for us the chase is
 3. What beneath thy shade we swore, In the distant world shall bind us, True to thee each year shall

owning, I will sing thy Maker's praise, _____ With glad heart I will
 closing, Once a - gain our horns we blow, _____ Once a - gain, once a -
 find us, Faithful chil-dren ev - er - more, _____ ev - er - more, faith-ful

I will sing

sing thy Maker's praise. Fare thee well, Fare thee well Farethee
 gain our horns we blow. children ev - er - more. Fare thee well _____ Fare thee well _____

well Farethee well thou for-est home, Farethee well, Farethee well thou for-est home.

TRANSLATION
Rapidly

Lutzow's Wild Hunt

(Male Voices)

CARL MARIA VON WEBER

Arr. by J.W.B.

1. From yonder dark forest what horsemen advance? What sounds from the rocks are re -
 2. Why roars in yon val - ley the mer - ci-less fight? What ter - ri-ble sounds are now

ff *p*

bound-ing? The sunbeams are gleaming on sword and on lance, And loud the shrill trumpet is
 clash-ing? Our true hearted men are maintaining the right, And freedoms bright torch now is

Lutzow's Wild Hunt—Concluded

ff f slower

sound - ing, And loud the shrill trumpet is sounding. And if you ask what you there be-
flash - ing, The bright torch of freedom is flashing. And if you ask what you there be-

Rapidly Repeat sung as echo 1 2

hold, These are These are Lutzow's huntsmen so free and so bold. bold.

Sleep Soldier Sleep

Memorial Day
(Male Voices)

TYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

ALPHENS DAVISON
Arr. by J. W. B.

1. Sleep, sol-dier, sleep, Sleep comrade heath the heay'-ns blue, While on this
2. Sleep, sol-dier, sleep, For you are done with war and fear, Your mem-o-
3. Rest, sol-dier, rest, You faced grim death with courage brave, And man-ful -

day we hon-or r you, Loy-al and brave, to country true. Sleep, soldier, sweetly sleep.
ry to us is dear; The tho't of you brings many a tear. Sleep, soldier, gently sleep.
ly your life you gave; Your glo-ry lives be-yond the grave. Rest, soldier, gently rest.

Lovely Evening

Somewhat quickly (Round)

1. Oh, how love-ly is the eve-ning, is the eve-ning, When the bells are
sweet - ly ring - ing, sweet - ly ring - ing! Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

2.

3.

John Peel

With spirit, but not too fast

ENGLISH HUNTING SONG

1. D'ye
2. Yes, I
3. D'ye

ken John Peel with his coat so gay, D'ye ken John Peel at the
 ken John Peel and Ru - by too, And Ran - ger and Ring - wood,
 ken John Peel with his coat so gay? He lived at Trout-beck

louder
 break o' the day, D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far a-way With his
 Bell-man and True; From a find to a check, from a check to a view, From a
 once on a day; But now he has gone far a-way, far a-way, We shall

louder

softer
 CHORUS
 hounds and his horn in the morn - ing?
 view to a death in the morn - ing. For the sound of him horn brought
 ne'er hear his voice in the morn - ing.

softer

John Peel - Concluded

101

A few Altos: The cry of the hounds!

me from my bed, And the cry of the hounds which he oft-times led;

The cry _____ of the hounds! Oh!

Peel's view halloo! would a-wak-en the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn-ing.

* The shout of the hunter when the fox first comes to view.

O, No, John

SOMERSET FOLK SONG

1. On yon-der hill there stands a creature, Who she is I do not know;
2. My father was a Span-ish cap-tain, Went to sea a month a-go;
3. O Madam in your face is beau-ty, On your lips red ros-es grow;
4. O Madams since you are so cru-el, And that you do scorn me so,
5. O hark! I hear the church-bells ringing, Will you come and be my wife?

I'll go ask her hand in mar-ri-age, She must an-swer yes or no.
 First he kissed me, then he left me, Bid me al-ways an-swer no.
 Will you take me for your hus-band? Madam, an-swer yes or no.
 If I may not be your hus-band? Madam, will you let me go?
 Or, dear Madam, have you set - tled To live sin-gle all your life?

CHORUS

O, John, no, no, John, no, John, no!

In The Time Of Roses

J. REICHARDT
Arr. by W.J.G.

1. In the time of ros - es, Hope, thou wea-ry heart! Spring a balm dis-
 2. In the time of ros - es, Wea-ry heart, re-joice! Ere the summer
 clos - es For the keen-est smart. Tho' thy grief o'er come thee Thro'
 clos - es Comes the longed for Voice. Let not death ap-pal thee, For,
 the winter's gloom, Thou shalt thrust it from thee, When the ros - es bloom.
 be-yond the tomb, God Him-self shall call thee, When the ros - es bloom.

Adapted from the GERMAN

The Linden Tree

FRANZ SCHUBERT

1. { Be-side the old stone fountain, There stands a lin-den tree;
 Be-neath its spread-ing branches, Glad dreams have come to me. Up -
 2. { To-night, a home-less wand'rer, I passed the lin-den tree;
 Its wav-ing branches nod-ding, It seemed to speak to me; "Come,
 on its bark I chis-eled Dear names su-long a - go, I sought its peace in weary heart-sick comrade, Be-neath my shadow rest, Where earth-ly strife or
 glad - ness, I sought its peace in woe, I sought its peace in woe.
 sor - row Shall ne'er thy heart mo-lest, Shall ne'er thy heart mo - lest.

This song is complete in three parts and may be used as a trio for girls' voices, the alto taking the tenor with bass omitted.

Lovely Night

TRANSLATION

F. H. CHWATAL
Arr. by J. W. B.

1. Love-ly night! O love-ly night! Spreading o-ver hill and meadow, Soft and slow the
 2. Ho- ly night! O ho- ly night! Plac- ing brighter worlds before us; Hap- pi-ness thou

haz- y shadow; Soon our wearied eye-lids close, And slumber in thy blest re-pose,
 sheddest o'er us; Oh, that we might ne'er re-turn To this dull earth to weep and mourn,

Soon our wea - ried eye-lids close, And slum-ber in thyblest repose.
 Oh, that we might ne'er 're-turn. To this dullearth to weep and mourn.

The Two Roses

H. WERNER

WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

*Moderately slow**louder*

1. On a bank two ros-es fair, Wet with morn-ing show-ers,
 2. This in leaves of white ar-ray'd, Not a speck to dim them,
 3. Like her cheeks, the blush-ing ray Which thy bud en-clos-es;

Fill'd with dew, in fragrance grew, As I, pen-sive, full of care, Gather'd two sweet
 So I find the spotless mind Which a-dorns my spotless maid, In - no-cen-ce's
 Brighter far than you they are, But her charms if I should say, You'd be jeal-ous,

flowers. emblem. Tell me ros-es tru-ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
 ros-es.

Night

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

FRANZ ABT
Arr. by J. W. B.

1. The sun - met glows in splen-dor To wave a bright fare-well As
 2. And now the vel-vet dark-ness Is brightened near and far With

day de-parts in glo - ry All o - ver hill and dell; The shadows lengthen
 gleams like ti-ny can - dles, Where many a brilliant star At - tends, in ser-vi-
 ce

slow - ly And twi-light, hushed and ho - ly, Now dims the sun-set light, Now
 loy - al. The moon, se-rene and roy - al, Arrayed in sil - ver bright, Ar -

dims the sun-set light, To greet the night, To greet the night.
 rayed in sil - ver bright, The queen of night, The queen of night.

This song is complete in three parts and may be used as a trio for girls voices, the alto taking the tenor, with bass omitted.

Isle Of Beauty

THOMAS H. BAYLY

Moderately

1. Shades of evening close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly barque a-while;
 2. 'Tis the hour when hap - py fa - ces Smile a-round the ta - per's light;
 3. When the waves are round me breaking, As I pace the deck a - lone;

Morn, a - las! will not re-store us Yon - der dim and dis-tant isle;
 Who will fill our va - cant pla - ces, Who will sing our songs to - night?
 And my eye in vain is seek-ing Some green spot to rest up - on;

Isle Of Beauty—Concluded

105

Still my fancy can dis-cov-er Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell;
 Thro' the mist that floats a-bove us, Faint-ly sounds the ves - per bell;
 What would I not give to wan-der Where my old com - pan - ions dwell;

Dark - er shad-ows round us hover, Isle of Beau-ty "fare thee well!"
 Like a voice from those a-round us, Breath-ing fond - ly "fare thee well!"
 Ab - sence makes the heart grow fon-der, Isle of Beau-ty "fare thee well!"

Steal Away

Slowly

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus!

Steal a - way, steal a-way home, I ain't got long to stay here.

Fine.

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thunder; The
2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand trembling; The
3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the lightning; The

trum-pet sounds with - in a my soul: I ain't got long to stay here.

D.C.

My Lord, What a Mourning

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

CHORUS

My Lord, what a mourn-ing, My Lord, what a mourn-ing, My Lord, what a

Fine LEADER

mourn-ing, When the stars begin to fall. 1. You'll hear the trumpet sound To wake the
2. You'll hear the sinner mourn, To wake the
3. You'll hear the Christian shout, To wake the

CHORUS

L.C.

nations under-ground, Looking to my God's right hand, When the stars begin to fall.
nations under-ground, Looking to my God's right hand, When the stars begin to fall.
nations under-ground, Looking to my God's right hand, When the stars begin to fall.

My Lord Delivered Daniel

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

CHORUS

My Lord de-liv-er'd Dan-i-el, My Lord de-liv-er'd Dan-i-el, My

Fine.

Lord de-liv-er'd Dan-i-el; Why can't he de-liv-er me?

LEADER

1. I met a pil-grim on the way, And, I ask him where he's a go-ing. I'm
2. Some say that John the Baptist, Was nothing but a Jew, But the
3. Oh, Dan-i-el cast in the li-on's den, He pray both night and day, The
4. He de-liv-er'd Daniel from the li-on's den, And Jonah from the belly of the whale, And the
5. The rich-est man that ever I saw Was the one that beg the most, His

My Lord Delivered Daniel-Concluded

107
D.C.

bound for Ca-naan's hap-py land, And this is the shout-ing band. Go on!
 Bi - ble doth in - form us That he was a preach-er, too; Yes, he was!
 an - gel came from Gal-i - lee, And lock the li - ons' jaw. That's so!
 He-brewh children from the fiery furnace, And why not ev' - ry man? Oh, yes!
 soul was filled with Je - sus, And with the Ho - ly Ghost. Yes, it was!

The Old Ark A-Moverin' Along

Leisurely

SPIRITUAL

1. Just wait a lit - tle while I'm gwine to tell you 'bout the ark
2. Then No - ah and his sons they went to work up - on dry land
3. Old No - ah and his sons they went to work up - on the tim - ber
4. And when the ark was fin-ished all ac - cord-ing to the plan
5. Now when the rain be - gan to fall the ark be - gan to rise
6. For for - ty days and for - ty nights the rain it kept a fall - ing
7. That aw - ful rain it stopped at last the wat - ers sub - sid - ed

The old ark a mover - in', a mover - in' a - long,

1. The Lord He told old No - ah for to build him an old ark.
2. They built that ark ac - cord-ing to the Lord's com - mand.
3. The proud be - gan to laugh, the sil - ly point their fin - ger.
4. Old Mas - ter No - ah took in fam - bly, an - i - mal and man.
5. The wick - ed they hung all a-round with groans and cries.
6. The wick - ed climbed the trees and loud for help they kept a call - ing.
7. And that old ark with all on board on Ar - a - rat rided.

The old ark a mover - in', a mover - in' a - long. Oh the

old ark a mover - in', a mover - in' a mover - in', The old ark a mover - in', a

Omit in last verse

D.C. Last verse only, gradually getting slower.

Fine.

mov - er - in' a - long. Old ark a mover - in' a mover - in' a - long.

Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen

NEGRO "SPIRITUAL"

Slowly

mf

Oh, no-bod-y knows the trouble I've seen, No-bod-y knows but Je-sus!

Fine.

No-bod-y knows the trouble I've seen, Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah!

1. Some-times I'm up, some-
Al-though you see me

2. One day when I was
I nev-er shall for-

times I'm down; Oh, yes, Lord; Some-times I'm al-most to the ground, Oh, yes, Lord.
going along so, Oh, yes, Lord; I have my tri-als here be-low, Oh, yes, Lord.
walking a-long, Oh, yes, Lord, The element open'd, and the Love came down, Oh, yes, Lord.
get that day, Oh, yes, Lord, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a-way, Oh, yes, Lord.

D.C.

S.C.F.

Moderately

Oh! Susanna

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

1. I came to Al-a-ba-ma wid My ban-jo on my knee, I'm g'wan to Lou-si-
2. I had a dream de od-der night, When eb'-ry ting was still; I thought I saw Su-
3. I soon will be in New Orleans, And den I'll look all'round, And when I find Su-

an-a, My true love for to see.
san-na, A com-ing down de hill.
san-na, I'll fall up-on de ground.

It rain'd all night de day I left, De
De buck-wheat ca-kewar in her mouth, De
But if I do not find her, Dis

weather it was dry,
tear was in her eye;
dark-e'y'll sure-ly die;

De sun so hot I froze to death; Su-san-na don't you cry.
Says I, I'm com-ing from de South, Su-san-na don't you cry.
And when I'm dead and bur-ied, Su-san-na don't you cry.

CHORUS

Paraphrase on original
Foster text

Ring, Ring The Banjo

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by J.W.B.

1. The time is nev-er dreary, If a fel-low nev-er groans, A hoof-er's nev-er

2. Oh! nev-er count the bubbles When there's water in the spring. A trav-ler has no

CHORUS

wea-ry With the rat-tle of the bones. Ring, ring the ban-jo! I like that good old

trou-bles When he's got this song to sing.

song, Come a-gain good for-tune, Oh! where you been so long.

A "Stunt"

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" may be sung counter to "Ring, Ring The Banjo." A fine assembly "stunt" may be devised by having the girls sing "Ring, Ring The Banjo" while the boys whistle "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Briskly

mf

The Girl I Left Behind Me

1. I'm lone-some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moor and val-ley; Such heav-y thots my

2. Oh, ne'er shall I for-get the night, The stars were bright a-bove me, And gen-tly lent their

heart do fill, Since part-ing with my Sal - ly. I seek no more the fine and gay, For sil - v'ry light, When first she vow'd she loved me. But now I'm bound to Bright-on camp, Kind

each does but re-mind me How swift the hours did pass away With the girl I've left be-hind me. Heav'n, may fa-vor find me, And send me safe-ly back a-gain To the girl I've left be-hind me.

Ole Dan Tucker

First Verse-Henry Russel
Other Verses-Myrtle Koon Cherryman

HENRY RUSSEL

Quickly

CHORUS

UNISON

mf UNISON

1. I come to town de ud- der night, I hear de noise and saw de fight, De
 2. Ole Dan he work'd in de cot-tonfiel; But got a stone-bruise on his heel, So
 3. Ole Dan was hun-gry for to eat Some good corn pone wid chick-en meat, But
 4. An' now I thinks dat poor ole Dan, Is git-tin' to be a right ole man, An'

watch-man was a run-nin' roun' Cry-in' "Ole Dan Tucker's come to town." So
 he lef' de fiel' and went troo de wood, To de lit-tle pond whah de fishin's good. So
 when he went for to steal a hen, De Mas-sa says, "Don't do dat a - gain!" So
 when he dies an' goes up high, I hope the an-gels there won't cry, Oh

get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck-er, Get out de way, Ole Dan Tuck-er,

Get out de way Ole Dan Tuck-er, You're too late to come to sup- per.

Merrily, Merrily (Round)

1

2

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, greet the morn; Cheer-i - ly, cheer-i - ly sound the horn.

3

4

Hark! to the ech-oes, hear them play O'er hill and dale, far, far, a - way.

1. I'm Cap - tain Jinks, of the Horse Marines; I feed my horse on
2. I joined my corps when twen - ty - one, Of course I thought it

corn and beans, And sport young ladies in their teens, Tho'a cap-tain in the
cap-i-tal fun, When the en-e-my came, of course I run, For I'm not cutout for the

Ar - my. I teach young ladies how to dance How to dance, How to dance, I
Ar - my. When I left home, mama, she cried, Mama she cried, Mama she cried, When

teach young ladies how to dance, For I'm the pet of the ar-my. I'm
I left home, ma - ma she cried, He's not cut out for the ar-my. I'm

CHORUS

Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines; I feed my horse on corn and beans, And

oft - en live be-yond my means, Tho'a cap-tain in the ar-my.

mf

1. Oh, where have you been, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Oh, where have you
 2. Did she bid you to come in, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Did she bid you to come
 3. Did she set for you a chair, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Did she set for you a
 4. Can she make a cherry pie, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, Can she make a cherry
 5. How old is she, Bil-ly Boy, Bil-ly Boy, How old is

been, charming Bil-ly?
 in, charming Bil-ly?
 chair, charming Bil-ly?
 pie, charming Bil-ly?
 she, charming Bil-ly?

I have been to seek a wife, She's the
 Yes, she bade me to come in, There's a
 Yes, she set for me a chair, She has
 She can make a cher-ry pie, Quick's a
 Three times six and four times seven, Twenty -
 (charming Bil-ly)

joy of my life, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
 dim-ple in her chin, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
 ringlets in her hair, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
 cat can wink her eye, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.
 eight and e-le-v-en, She's a young thing and can-not leave her moth-er.

Blow The Man Down

mf SOLO

CHORUS

CHANTEY SOLO

1. As I was a-walk-ing down Paradise Street, Way! Hey! Blow the man down! A
 2. Says she to me, "Will you stand treat?" Way! Hey! Blow the man down! De-

CHORUS

pret-ty young damsel I chanced for to meet. Give me some time to blow the man down.
 lighted," says I, "for a charm-er so sweet. Give me some time to blow the man down.

1. Oh, we're three jol-ly, jol-ly sail - or boys, And we're newly home from
2. There were three pretty girls in merry Portsmouthtown, And each one was like a
3. Then up we spoke, we jol-ly sail - or boys, All arm in arm so

South A-mer-i-kee, With our hearts still tingling with the salt, salt wind, And the
po-sy on the tree, There was great eyed Marga-ret, and trim set Sal, And sweet
jol-ly for to see "There are girls beside the water, at Ja-nei-ro, or Gibraltar, Who can

tumble and the tossing of the sea.
Kit-ty from the north coun-tree.
dance right mer-ri-ly as ye;"

Oh, honey, we've our pockets full of money; Will you
No, honey, tho' your pockets full of money, We won't
So, honey, while our pockets full of money, Come and

trip, trip, trip, will you trip it on the Quay? For the wind's in the sail, and the
trip, trip, trip, we won't trip it on the Quay, Till you've set the clerk a-sing-ing, and the
trip, trip, trip, come and trip it on the Quay, For we sail-ors love the o-cean, and the

thun-der in the gale, And our good ship plung-ing to be free,
wed-ding bells a - ring-ing And the par - son has pock - et-ed the fee,
change and the commo-tion, And the good ship plung-ing on the sea.

Haul On The Bowlin'

SOLO

CHORUS

CHANTRY

1. Haul on the bow-lin', Our bul-ly ship's a roll - in! Haul on the bowlin', the bow-lin', haul!
2. Haul on the bow-lin', Our captain he's a - growlin'! Haul on the bowlin', the bow-lin', haul!

When the ship is trim and ready,
When the jolly days are done,
Where he goes their hearts go with him,
E'en his ship he calls her "she";
When he's sail'd the world all over,
And again he steps a-shore, There are

last good-byes are whispered,
loft that "little cher-ub,"
scores of lass-es wait-ing
And Jack a-board is gone; The
Sure a maid-en she must be.
To love him all the more; He may

lass-es fall-a weep-ing,
o'er the sea he travels,
lose his gold-en guineas,
As they watch his ves-sel's track,
The mer-maids down be-low
But a wife he'll nev-er lack,

all the lands-men lov-ers Are noth-ing af-ter Jack,
give their crys-tal king-doms For the love of Jack, I trow,
wed them all, they'd take him, For they all love Jack,

all the lands-men lov - ers Are noth - ing af - ter Jack.
give their crys-tal king - doms For the love - of Jack, I trow.
wed them all, they'd take him, For they all love Jack.

The sheet music consists of four staves of musical notation in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines. The first staff begins with a forte dynamic. The second staff starts with a piano dynamic. The third staff begins with a forte dynamic. The fourth staff begins with a piano dynamic. The lyrics are as follows:

For his heart is like the sea, Ev-er > open brave and free, And the
girls must lone - ly be, Till his ship comes back; But if
love's the best of all, That can a man be - fall, Why,
Jack's the king of all, For they all love Jack!

1. I've been thro' Car - o - li - na, I've been to Ten - nes - see, I
2. My Belle is tall and slender, And sings so ber - ry clear, You'd

sail'd the Mis-sis - sip - pi, For mas - sa set me free; I've kiss'd de lub - ly
tink shewas an owlingale, If once her voice you hear; I walk'd down to her

cre-ole On Loui - si - an - a's shore, But I neb-ber found de gal to match De
cab-in, And rapp'd up-on de door, I went to gub my dog-ger-type To

CHORUS

bloom-ing Belle ob Bal-ti-more. Oh, boys, Belle's a beau-ty, Eyes so bright and
my sweet Belle ob Bal-ti-more.

cheek so soot-y; No gal I eb-er seen a-fore, So sweet as Belle ob Bal-ti-more.

Lively

The Huntsmen
(Round)

A south-er-ly wind and a cloud - y sky Pro-claim it a hunt-ing morn-ing;

To horse my brave boys and a-way; Bright Phœ-bus the hill is a - don-ing;

Hark! hark! for - ward, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra, tan - ta - ra.

Hark! I hear a voice Way up on the moun-tain top, tip - top,



De-scend-ing down be - low, De-scend-ing down be - low, low.



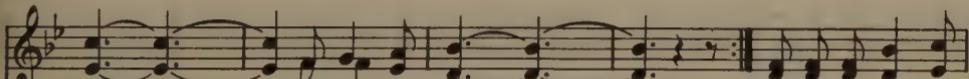
CHORUS



Let us all u-nite in love, Trust-ing



Let us all u-nite in love,



in the pow'r's a - bove. Mer-ri-ly now we



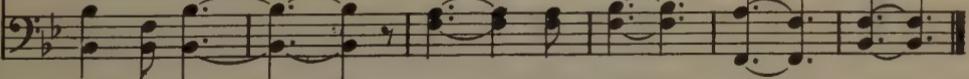
Trust-ing in the pow'r's a - bove.



roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, Mer-ri-ly now we

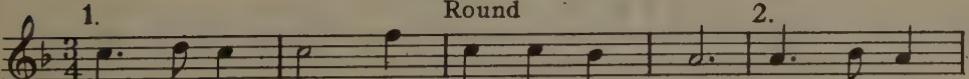


roll, we roll. O'er the deep blue sea.



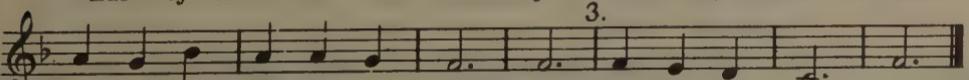
Early to Bed

Round



Ear - ly to bed and ear - ly to rise, Makes a man

3.



health-y and wealthy and wise, Wise, health-y, and wealth - y.

Nut Brown Maiden

(Male Voices)

COLLEGE SONG

Arranged by WALTER GOODELL

Moderately

1. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maiden, Thou
 2. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maiden, Thou
 3. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a slen - der waist to clasp, Nut brown maiden, Thou
 4. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast such pearly, pearly teeth, Nut brown maiden, Thou

hast a bright blue eye; A bright blue eye is thine, love! The glance in it is mine, love! Nut brown
 hast a ru - by lip; A ru - by lip is thine, love! The kissing of it's mine, love! Nut brown
 hast a slender waist; A slender waist is thine, love! The arm around it's mine, love! Nut brown
 hast such pearly teeth; The pearly teeth are false, love! They rattle when you waltz, love! Nut brown

maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maiden, Thou hast a bright blue eye
 maid-en, Thou hast a ru - by lip to kiss, Nut brown maiden, Thou hast a ru - by lip.
 maid-en, Thou hast a slen - der waist to clasp, Nut brown maiden, Thou hast a slen - der waist.
 maid-en, Thou hast such pearly, pearly teeth, Nut brown maiden, Thou hast such pearly teeth.

Where, O Where*Spirited*

COLLEGE SONG

-
1. Where, O where are the verdant Freshmen? Where, O where are the verdant Fresh-men?
 2. Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores?
 3. Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun-iors? Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun-iors?
 4. Where, O where are the grand old Sen-iors? Where, O where are the grand old Sen-iors?

Where, O where are the verdant Freshmen? Safe now in the Soph'more Class.
 Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? Safe now in the Jun - ior Class.
 Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun-iors? Safe now in the Sen - ior Class.
 Where, O where are the grand old Sen-iors? Safe now in the wide, wide world.

Where, O Where - Concluded



They've gone out from pre-scribed English, They've gone out from prescribed English,
 They've gone out from their old Lat-in, They've gone out from their old Lat-in,
 They've gone out from their tough Mathematics, They've gone out from their tough Mathematics,
 They've gone out from their Al-ma Ma-ter, They've gone out from their Al-ma Ma-ter.



They've gone out from pre-scribed Eng-lish, Safe now in the Soph'more Class
 They've gone out from their old Lat-in, Safe now in the Jun-ior Class.
 They've gone out from their tough Mathemat-ics, Safe now in the Sen-ior Class.
 They've gone out from their Al-ma Ma-ter, Safe now in the wide,wide world.



Noah's Ark

COLLEGE SONG

Lively



1. Old Noah he built him-self an ark, There's one wide river to cross! He built it all of
2. The animals went in one by one, There's one wide river to cross! And Japhet with a
3. The animals went in two by two, There's one wide river to cross! The Elephant and the
4. The animals went in three by three, There's one wide river to cross! The Hippopotamus and the
5. The animals went in fives by fives, There's one wide river to cross! Shem, Ham, and Japhet,
6. And when he found he had no sail, There's one wide river to cross! He just ran up his
7. And as they talked on this and that, There's one wide river to cross! The ark it bumped on



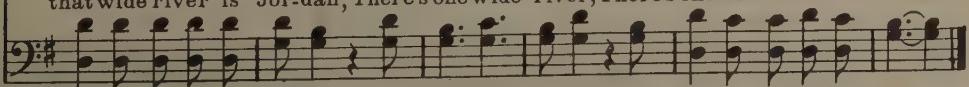
CHORUS



1. hick-ory bark, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
 2. big bass drum, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
 3. Kan-ga-roo, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
 4. Bum-ble bee, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
 5. and their wives, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
 6. old coat tail, There's one wide riv-er to cross!
 7. Ar-ra-rat. There's one wide riv-er to cross!
- There's one wide riv-er, and



that wide river is Jor-dan, There's one wide river, There's one wide river to cross.



Rosalie

L. K.

LAUNCE KNIGHT

Moderately

Moderately

1. I'm Pierre de Bon-ton de Par-is, de Par-is, I
 2. I go to the fete de Marquise, de Marquise, I

drink my di-vine Eau de vie, Eau de vie. As I ride out each day in my
 go and make love at my ease, at my ease. I — go to her pere and de -

lit-tle cou-pe, I tell you I'm something to see.
 mand for my own The hand of my sweet Ros-a - lie.

Rosalie-Concluded

CHORUS

But I care _____ not what others may say, I'm in love with Ros-a - lie.

Charming Rose, _____ pretty Rose, _____ I'm in love with my Ros-a - lee.

Quickly
BASS SOLO

Peter Gray

COLLEGE SONG

1. Once on a time, there was a man, His name was Peter Gray; — He
 2. Now Pe-ter Gray he fell in love, All with a nice young girl; — The
 3. But just as they were going to wed, Her pa - pa he said "No!" — And
 4. And Pe-ter Gray he went to trade For furs and oth-er skins, — Till
 5. When Lu-cy An-na heard the news, She straightway took to bed, — And

CHORUS
TENORS

lived way down in that 'ere town call'd Pennsylvani - a.
 first three letters of her name were L-U-C, An-na Quirl.
 con - se-quently she was sent way off to O-hi - o.
 he was caught and scalp-y-ed, by the bloody Indians.
 nev - er did get up a-gain un - til she di - i - ed.

Blow, ye winds of the

BASSES

morn-ing, Blow, ye winds, heigho; Blow ye winds of the morning, Blow, blow, blow.

Crow Song

Lively
mf SOLO

CHORUS 3

SOLO

1. There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar! There
 2. Said one old crow un-to his mate, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar! Said

Bil - ly Magee!

CHORUS 3

were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar! There
 one old crow un-to his mate, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar! Said

Bil - ly Ma - gee

were three crows sat on a tree, And they were black as crows could be.
 one old crow un-to his mate, "What shall we do for grub to ate?" And they all flapp'd their wings
 and cried

(Spoken)

Caw,Caw,Caw,Bil - ly Magee Magar! And they all flapp'd their wings and cried Billy Magee Magar!

Carve Dat Possum

SAM LUCAS

Lively

1. De pos - sum meat am good to eat, Carve him to de heart; You'll al-ways find him
 2. I reached up for to pull him in, Carve him to de heart; De possum he be -

good and sweet, Carve him to de heart; My dog did bark and I went to see,
 gan to grin Carve him to de heart; I carried him home and dressed him off,

Carve Dat Possum-Concluded

123

Carve him to de heart; And dar was a pos-sum up dat tree, Carve him to de heart.
 Carve him to de heart; I hung him dat night in de frost, Carve him to de heart.

CHORUS

Carve dat possum, carve dat possum, children, Carve dat possum, carve him to de heart; Oh,
 Carve dat possum, carve dat possum, children, Carve dat possum, carve him to de heart.

Gaudeamus Igitur (Male Voices)

Arr. by W. J. G.

1. Gau-de-a-mus i - gi-tur, Ju-venes dum sumus; Post jucundam juventu-tem,
 2. U - bisunt, qui an-te nos, In mundo fu - e - re? Transe-as ad su - pe-ros,
 3. Vi-vat a - cad-e-mi-a, Vivat profes - so-res, Vi - vat membrum quodlibet,

Post molestam senec-tutem, Nos ha-be-bit hu - mus, Nos ha-be-bit hu - mus.
 A-be-us ad in - fe-ros, Qu-os si vis vi - de - re, Qu-os si vis vi - de - re.
 Vivant membra quæ-li-bet, Semper sint in flo - re, Semper sint in flo - re.

(English Version.)

1. Let us now in youth rejoice,
None can justly blame us;
For when golden youth has fled,
And in age our joys are dead,
Then the dust doth claim us.
2. Where have all our fathers gone?
Here we'll see them never;
Seek the god's serene abode
Cross the dol'rous Stygian flood;
There they dwell forever.
3. Raise we, then, the joyous shout,
Life to Alma Mater!
Life to each professor here,
Life to all our comrades dear,
May they leave us never.

Street Urchins' Medley

(Male Voices)

Arr. by J. W. B.

Sing a song of cities, Cities great and small; Rhyming lit-tle ditties

Tell a-bout them all. New-York has her lobsters, Boston has her

beans Bal-timore's the place for oysters, But for 'lasses New Or-leans.

Quickly

Roll dem bones, roll dem bones, Roll'em on the square; Roll 'em on the sidewalks, the

streets or an-y-where. We roll 'em in the morning, We roll 'em in the night, We

slower

Fine

roll dem bones the whole day long, While the cops are out of sight.

we roll dem bones.

Street Urchins' Medley—Concluded

la,la, la,la, la,la, la, la, la,la, la,la, la, la,

Shine, shine, who wants a shine? My name is Teddy and I'm always ready, my
 la,la, la,la, la,la, la, la, la,la, la,la, la, la,

la,la, la,la, la, la, la,la, D.S.

brushes are new my blacking is fine. Hithere! mister! Don't you want a shine?
 la,la, la,la, la, la, la,la,

Reuben and Rachel

MODIFIED BY N.H.H.

A musical score for piano, featuring two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature is one sharp, indicating G major. The time signature is 2/4. Measures 11 and 12 are shown, each consisting of eight notes per measure. Measure 11 starts with an eighth note on the second line of the treble staff, followed by a sixteenth note on the first line, another eighth note on the second line, and so on. Measure 12 follows a similar pattern. The notes are primarily eighth notes, with some sixteenth notes appearing as grace notes or in specific patterns.

1. { Reu-ben, Reu-ben, I've been think-ing, What a grand world this would be
O! my goodness, gra-cious Ra-chel, What a queer world this would be
 2. { Reu-ben, Reu-ben, I've been think-ing, What a gay life girls would lead,
Ra-chel, Ra-chel, I've been think-ing, Men would have a mer - ry time,
 3. { Reu-ben, Reu-ben, stop your teas - ing, If you've an - y love for me,
Ra-chel, if you'll not transport us, I will take you for my wife,

A musical score for piano, showing two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Both staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The key signature is one sharp, indicating G major. Measures 11 and 12 are shown, with measure 12 ending on a half note.

- { If the men were all transport-ed Far be-yond the North-ern Sea.
{ If the men were all transport-ed Far be-yond the North-ern Sea.
{ If they had no men a-bout them, None to tease them, none to heed.
{ If at once they were transport-ed Far be-yond the salt-y bring.
{ And I'll split with you my mon-ey Ev'-ry pay-day of my life.

NOTE: Reuben and Rachel may be used as a duet number, the girls or women alternating with the boys or men through the several verses. The number may also be used effectively as a canon, in which case the first verse only should be used, the second part entering after the first part has sung two measures.

Scotland's Burning (Round)

A musical score for four voices. The top line, labeled '1', has lyrics 'Scot-land's burn-ing, Scot-land's burn-ing, Look out, look out!'. The second line, labeled '2', continues the lyrics. The third line, labeled '3', has lyrics 'Fire, fire, fire, fire!'. The fourth line, labeled '4', continues the lyrics.

Ducks on a Pond

(Round)

Moderately

1 mf

One duck on a pond, Wib - ble, wob - ble, Two ducks on a pond,
Wib - ble, wob - ble, wib - ble, wob - ble, Three old la - dies go - ing to mar - ket,
Wib - bi - ly wib - bi - ly wob - ble, Wib - bi - ly wib - bi - ly wob - ble.

Man's Life's a Vapor

(Round)

Moderately

1 mf

Man's life's a va - por full of woes; He cuts a ca - per
down he goes, Down he, down he, down he, down he, down he goes.

The Donkey

(Round)

Moderately

1

Sweet - ly sings the don - key at the break of day; If you do not feed him,
this is what he'll say, "Hee-haw! Hee - haw! Hee - haw! Hee-haw! Hee - haw!"

Add to the fun by using pantomime while singing these rounds.

Style All The While

1. They say that * - he ain't got no style, He's style all the while, He's style all the
 2. They say that Miss * - she nev-er does smile, She smiles all the while, She smiles all the

while, They say that * - he ain't got no style, He's style all the while, all the while.
 while, They say that Miss * - she nev-er does smile, She smiles all the while, all the while.

* Supply any name. Make additional verses to suit the occasion.

Information

Adaptation From
British Army Song

1. If you want to know where the Sup - er is I know where he's at,
2. If you want to know where the Princ'pal is I know where he's at,
3. If you want to know where the teach-ers are I know where they're at,
4. If you want to know where the stu-dents are I know where they're at,

I know where he's at, I know where he's at. If you want to know where the
 I know where he's at, I know where he's at. If you want to know where the
 I know where they're at, I know where they're at. If you want to know where the
 I know where they're at, I know where they're at. If you want to know where the

Sup - er is I know where he's at; Smok-ing a big ci - gar, I saw him,
 Princ'pal is I know where he's at; Tak - ing a lit - tle nap, I saw him,
 teachers are I know where they're at; Plan-ning to flunk the class, I saw them,
 students are I know where they're at; Up to their necks in work, I saw them,

I saw him, Smok-ing a big ci - gar, I saw him smok-ing a big ci - gar.
 I saw him, Tak - ing a lit - tle nap, I saw him tak - ing a lit - tle nap.
 I saw them, Plan-ning to flunk the class, I saw them plan-ning to flunk the class.
 I saw them, Up to their necks in work, I saw them up to their necks in work.

The Barnyard Family

COLLEGE SONG

1. I have a roost-er, my roost-er loves me. I feed my roost-er on green Bay tree,
2. I have a cat, my cat loves me. I feed my cat on green Bay tree,

Fine.

My lit - tle roost-er goes oo-dle-de - oo, de - oo-dle - de-oo - dle-dee - oo-dle - de - oo.

D.S.

My lit - tle cat goes Me - oow. My lit - tle dog goes Bow-wow.

3. Dog-Bowwow
4. Sheep-Ba-a-a-a
5. Cow-Moo-o-o
6. Crow-Caw-Caw

After third ending with dog call, sing last two measures of cat call and then go back to sign, finishing with rooster call. Any number of verses may be used but in each case after the new animal call has been sung, all preceding endings are sung in inverse order ending with the rooster call. Thus, if six animal calls were used in following order: rooster, cat, dog, sheep, cow, crow, the song would end: My little crow goes, caw-caw; my little cow goes, moo-o; my little sheep goes, Ba-a-a; and so on back to rooster call.

Farewell To Thee

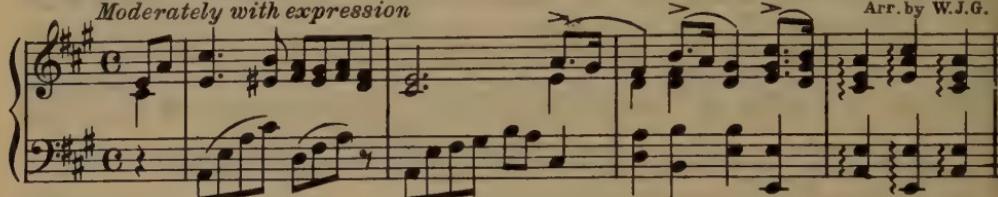
This plaintive melody, usually appearing under the title "Aloha Oe," is said to have been written by former Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii. In the original text, it is a love song of parting.

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

Moderately with expression

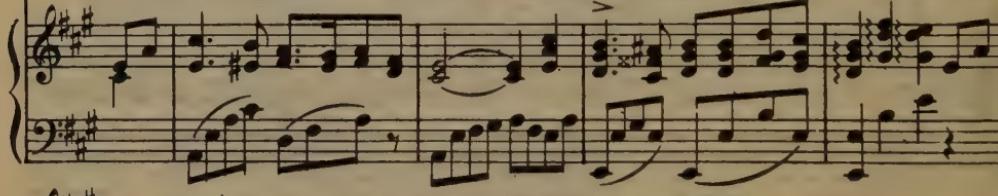
QUEEN LILIUOKALANI

Arr. by W.J.G.



1. Now our gold-en-days are at an end;
2. We have felt the thrill of autumn days,
3. We have seen togeth-er how the spring

The part-ing hour is coming soon, And we
And shared the winter's cold as well; When we
Made mir - a-cles of tree and flow'r; But the

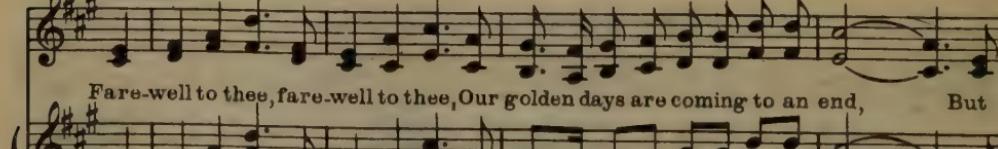


think, while swift the moments pass
know we now must say good-bye,
joy that summer bro't to us

How de-light-ful has been our friendship's boon.
All our sor-row, no language e'er can tell.
Led us on tward this pensive parting hour.



REFRAIN

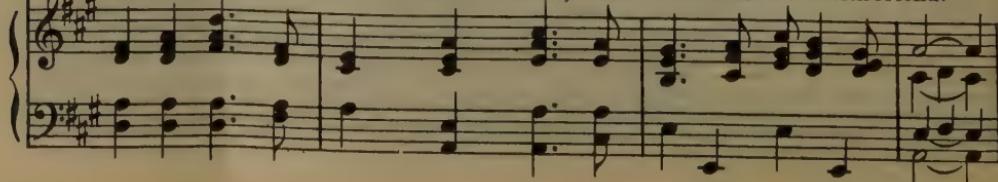


Fare-well to thee, fare-well to thee, Our golden days are coming to an end,

But



we will hope for bright - er days to come, When friend shall meet with friend.



SUPPLEMENT

Selected and Arranged by

WALTER GOODELL

and

FLORENCE M. MARTIN

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Praise Ye The Father

Allegretto maestoso M M ♩ = 100

CHARLES GOUNOD

Praise ye — the Fa - ther! Let ev'-ry heart give thanks to Him!

Ev -'ry

Praise ye the Fa - ther, who is ev - er kind and mer - ci - ful!

Praise ye — the Fa - ther,— Who not - eth ev'-ry spar-rows fall!

O King — of Glo - ry! Let all earth pro - claim Thy

maj - es-ty! Sing — of the Lord, — Ev'-ry

cresc. Of Him — sing praise! —

voice pro-claim His pow'r! Who bring-eth joy — to the

Pro - claim — His pow'r!

And peace —

Praise Ye The Father—Continued

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world, — And whose mer - cy en-dur - eth ev - er!

to all, — And mer - ey for - ev - er!

He — hath made — all the world, and the heav'n a -

Our Lord — hath made — all na - ture

bove us! In His strength, in His love, He rul - eth the world, A -

for us! In love He rul - eth the world,

rise, and praise ye the Fa - ther! Praise be to the Fa - ther, to the

Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it! Praise Him, ev -'ry na - tion, All the

earth shall re-joice in Him! Praise the Fa-ther, Glo - ry to the Lord, our King!

Praise Ye The Father—Concluded

Glo - ry to His ev - er - last - ing name! Let all earth be glad, re -
 joic-ing in His love, Oh, Praise ye—the Lord! Praise ye—the Lord!

October

E. E. BOWEN

J. FARMER
Arr. by Florence Martin

1. The months are met with their crown-lets on, As Jul - ius Cae - sar
- 2."I vote for March, may it please you," cries A stu - dent pale and
- 3."For May! For May!" the girls all say, How mild the air that
- 4."Oc - to - ber brings cold — weath - er down, When wind and rain con-

crowned them; With slaves, the gen - tle - men thir - ty - one, And the
 mea - ger; "He gives us theme— and les - son and prize, And—
 blows— is! How nice - ly sweet— the soft spring day, How—
 tin - ue; He nerves the limbs that are la - zy grown, And—

la - dies thir - ty round them. "But who shall be mon - arch of—
 schol - ar - ship O so ea - ger!" But loud - er— now— in the
 sweet - ly nice the ros - es!" But girl and— schol - ar may—
 brac - es the lan - quid sin - ew; So while we have voic - es and—

all?" you ask; Go — ask of the boys and maid - ens, For —
 dis - tance floats A — choice there is no dis - guis - ing; And you
 pray and plead The — voice of the lads is clear - er, And —
 lungs to cheer, And the win - ter — frost be - fore — us, Come,—

CHORUS

that is the lads' and the lass-ies' task, And they choose him a-far in ca-dence.)
 hear from man-y — heart-y throats The — chant of the boys up-ri-s-ing. } Oc-
 firm and stead-y — comes that tread, In — time to the mu-sic, near-er! } Oc-
 sing to the king of the mor-tal year, And — thun-der him out in cho-rus!"

to - ber, Oc - to - ber, March to the dull and

so - ber! The suns of May for the school girls' play, But

give to the boys Oc - to - ber, Oc - to - ber, Oc - to - ber!

God So Loved The World

JOHN 3: 16, 17

JOHN STAINER

cresc.

God so loved the world,—

God so loved the world,— that He

cresc.

that

gave—His on - ly be - got - ten Son, that who - so be - liev - eth, be -

liev - eth on Him should not per - ish, should not per - ish but

cresc.

have ev - er - last - ing life. For God sent not His Son in - to the

world to con - demn the world, God sent not His Son in - to the world to con -

cresc.

demn the world; but that the world thru Him might be sav - ed.

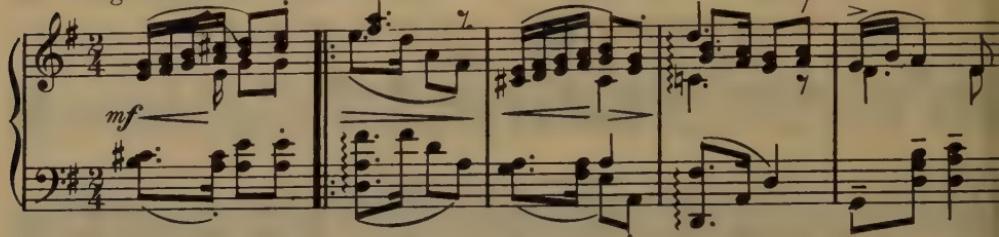
God So Loved The World—Concluded

From the German
New version by
MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

Vilia
From "The Merry Widow"

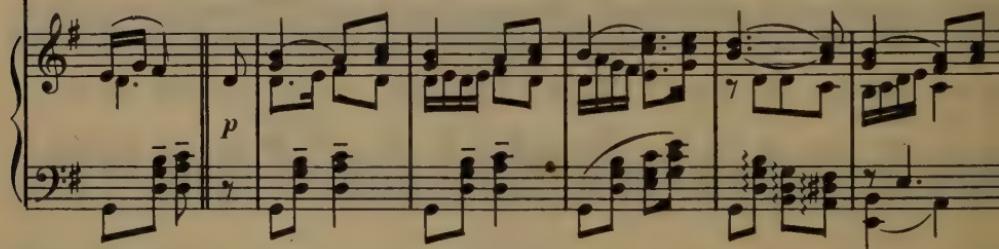
FRANZ LEHAR
Arranged by WALTER GOODELL

Allegretto scherz. M.M. ♩ = 96



(TWO SOLO VOICES)

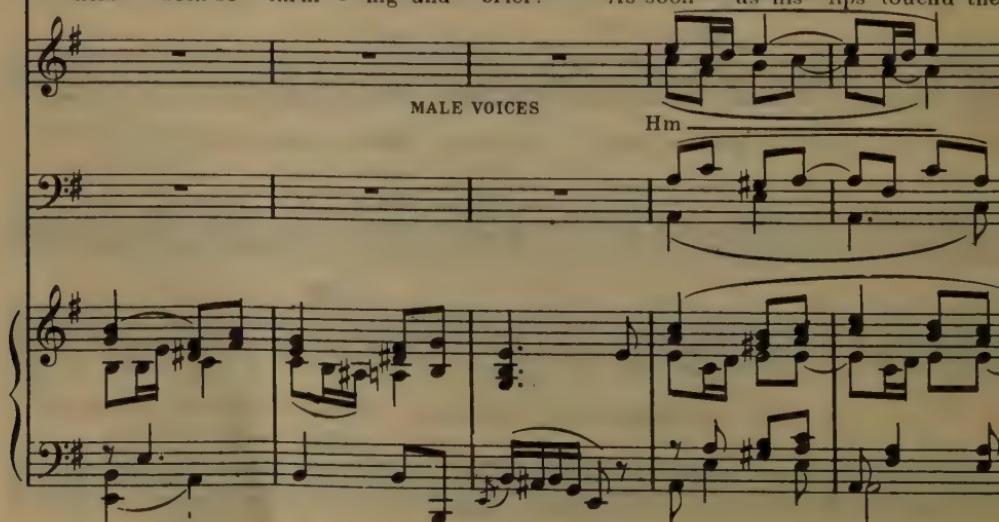
1. One morn-ing a hunts-man all gal-lant and gay, While chas-ing wild
2. The nymph rai-s'd a cheek that was cool as a leaf, A - las for the



boar in the wood cool and gray Es-pied a fair dry - ad a -
kiss both so thrill - ing and brief! As soon as his lips touch'd the

MALE VOICES

Hm



mong the great trees, And soon as he saw her bright hair in the breeze
 ex - qui-site face, She van - ish'd, and left but a dim, lone-ly place.
 Hm MIXED VOICES Hin Hin

pp rit.

Ten - der thoughts be-gan to throng; — Quest of game no more was
 Yet, there haunts him, day and night, Ech - oes from that wood - land
 TENOR SOLO

Ah Ah

rit.
 strong, For this, straight-way, became his hunt - ing song:
 sprite: "Dry - ad maid with no mor - tal can u - nite!"
 raff

MIXED VOICES Hm

188 Vilia — Continued

Moderato

"Vil - ia, fair dry - ad, you rule in the wood, O'er blossoms, bees, and the

Moderato

ti - ny bird - brood, Vil - ia, dear maiden, your rule I'll o - bey; Sweet Vil - ia

love me, I pray.

Vil - ia, fair dry - ad, you rule in the

Vilia — Concluded

6

wood, O'er blossoms, bees, and the ti - ny bird - brood,

Hm

TENOR SOLO

Vil - ia, dear

Sweet Vil - ia, love me, I pray,

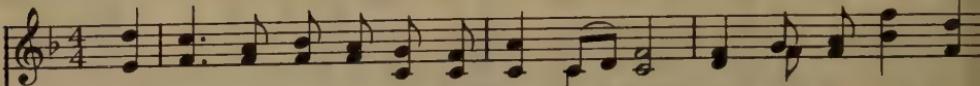
maid-en, your rule I'll o - bey;

pray, love me I pray, sweet Vil - i - a!"

8va

Jeanie With The Light Brown Hair

S.C.F.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by Florence Martin

1. I dream of Jean-ie with the light brown hair, Borne like a va - por,
2. I long for Jean-ie with the day dawn smile, Ra-diant in glad-ness;
3. I sigh for Jean-ie, but her light form strayed Far from the fond hearts



on the sum-mer air; I see her trip-ping where the bright streams play
warm with win-ning guile; I hear her mel - o - dies, like joys gone by,
round her na - tive glade; Her smiles have van-ished and her sweet songs flown



Hap - py as the dai-sies that dance on her way. Man - y were the wild notes her
Sigh-ing round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die: Sigh-ing like the night-wind and
Flit-ting like the dreams that have cheered us and gone. Now the nod-ding wild flow'r's ma



mer - ry voice would pour, Man - y were the blithe birds that
sob - bing like the rain, Wail - ing for the lost one that
with - er on the shore, While her gen - tle fin - gers will



war - bled them o'er: Oh! I dream of Jean - ie with the
comes not a - gain: Oh! I long for Jean - ie and my
cull them no more; Oh! I sigh for Jean - ie with the



light brown hair, Float-ing, like a va - por, on the soft sum-mer air.
 heart bows low, Nev - er-more to find her where the bright wa-ters flow.
 light brown hair, Float-ing, like a va - por, on the soft sum-mer air.

O Starry Flag

(All Saints)

NORMAN H. HALL

HENRY S. CUTLER

1. O star - ry flag of red and white With stars on field of blue,—
2. O ban - ner bright with stars and stripes, Re-nowned thru-out the world,—
3. May oth - er flags of oth - er lands, Stand by thee in their might,—

We hon - or thee, and in our might To thee well e'er be true.
 Be - cause thou stand-est for the right Wher-e'er thou art un - furled.
 As broth - ers with u - nit - ed hands, A broth - er - hood for right.

O glo-rious ban - ner of our land, Our own U - nit - ed States,—
 Long shalt thou wave thru - out this land, Which gave to thee thy birth,—
 As em-blems may they ev - er stand With thee, for what is just,—

For right and jus - tice shalt thou stand, Midst world as - so - ci - ates.
 And hon - ored shalt thou ev - er be In ev - 'ry land on earth.
 For free - dom, lib - er - ty and faith, That all in them may trust.

For The Beauty Of The Earth

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPONT

Arr. from CONRAD KOCHER

1. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the beau-ty of the skies,
 2. For the beau-ty of each hour Of the day and of the night,
 3. For the joy of hu-man love, Broth-er, sis-ter, par-ent, child,

For the love which from our birth O-ver and a-round us lies,
 Hill and vale and tree and flow'r, Sun and moon and stars of light,
 Friends on earth and friends a-bove, For all gen-tle thoughts and mild,

CHORUS

Lord of all to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise.

Fling Out The Banner! Let It Float

GEORGE W. DOANE

JOHN B. CALKIN

1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
 2. Fling out the ban-ner! heath-en lands Shall see from far the glo-rious sight,
 3. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide,

The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-i-or died.
 And na-tions, crowd-ing to be born, Bab-tize their spir-its in its light.
 Our glo-ry, on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru-ci - fied.

The Meeting Of The Waters

THOMAS MOORE

IRISH AIR

Arr. by Florence Martin

1. There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet As the
 2. Yet it was not that Na - ture had shed o'er the scene Her
 3. 'Twas that friends, the be - lov'd of my bos - om, were near, Who made

vale in whose bos - som the bright wa - ters meet, Oh, the
 pur - est of crys - tal and bright-est of green; 'Twas
 ev - 'ry dear scene of en - chant-ment more dear, And who

last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the
 not her soft mag - ic of stream - let or rill, 'Oh! —
 felt how the best charms of Na - ture im - prove, When we

bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart, Ere the
 no it was some-thing more ex - qui - site still, Oh! —
 see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love, When we

bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart.
 no it was some - thing more ex - qui - site still.
 see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love.

144 Beautiful Dreamer

S. C. F.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by Florence Martin

1. Beau-ti-ful dream-er, wake un-to me, Star-light and dew-drops are wait-ing for
 2. Beau-ti-ful dream-er, out on the sea, Mer-maids are chant-ing the wild lo-re -

thee, — Sounds of the rude world heard in the day, —
 lei; — O - ver the stream - let va - pors are borne, —

Lulled by the moon-light have all passed a - way! Beau-ti-ful dream-er,
 Wait-ing to fade at the bright com-ing morn. Beau-ti-ful dream-er,

queen of my song, List while I woo thee with soft mel-o-dy; —
 beam on my heart, E'en as the morn on the stream-let and sea; —

Gone are the cares of life's bus - y throng, Beau-ti-ful dream-er, a-wake un-to
 Then will all clouds of sor-row de-part, Beau-ti-ful dream-er, a-wake un-to

me! Beau - ti - ful dream - er, a - wake un - to me!
 me! Beau - ti - ful dream - er, a - wake un - to me!

Bonny Eloise

C. W. ELLIOTT

J. R. THOMAS

Arr. by Florence Martin

1. O sweet is the vale where the Mo-hawk gen-tly glides On its
 2. O sweet are the scenes of my boy-hood's sun-ny years, That be-

clear wind-ing way to the sea, And dear - er than all sto-ried
 span-gle the gay val-ley o'er, And dear are the friends seen thru

REFRAIN

streams on earth be-sides, Is this bright roll-ing riv-er to me; But
 mem-o ries' fond tears That have lived in the blest days of yore;

sweet-er dear - er, yes, dear - er far than these Who

charm where oth-ers all fail Is blue-eyed, bon-ny,

bon-ny E-lo-ise, The belle of the Mo-hawk Vale.

Wait For The Wagon

R. B. B.

R. B. BUCKLEY
Arr. by Florence Martin

1. Will you come with me, my Phyl-lis dear, To — yon blue moun-tain
 2. Where the riv-er runs like sil-ver, — And the birds they sing so

free? Where the blos-soms smell the sweet-est, Come rove a - long with
 sweet, I — have a cab-in, Phyl-lis, And some-thing good to

me. It's ev-'ry Sun-day morn-ing, When you are by my
 eat. Come lis-ten to my sto-ry, It will re-lieve my

side, Well jump in-to the wag-on, And all take a ride.
 heart, So jump in-to the wag-on, And off we will start.

REFRAIN

Wait for the wag-on, Wait for the wag-on,

Wait for the wag-on And we'll all take a ride.

Send Out Thy Light

CHARLES GOUNOD

PSALM XLIII and XX

*Adagio molto**fff**fff**Moderato**pp*

Send out Thy light, send out Thy light! Send out Thy light and Thy

*fff**fff**pp**pp*

truth, let them lead me, And let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill;

*cresc.**dim.*

Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me, And let them

cresc.

bring me to Thy ho - ly hill, un - to Thy ho - ly hill, let them

O let them lead me,*dim.**O* let them lead me,

lead, let them lead me, And let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill.

*cresc.**f**rit.**dim.**cresc.**f**rit.**dim.**cresc.**p**p**p*

O God, — then will I go — un - to Thine al - tar, On the

*fff**fff**p**fff**fff**p*

harp we will praise Thee, O Lord our God! O God,—then will I

Prais - ing Thee,

go un - to Thine al - tar, And we will praise Thee,

cresc. and we will praise Thee, praise Thee, praise Thee on the harp, O our

cresc. *molto*

God! on the harp, O our God! on the harp, O our God!

pp Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me, And let them

pp *cresc.*

bring me to Thy ho - ly hill. Send out Thy light and Thy

dim. *p* *p* *cresc.*

p

rit. dim.

truth, let them lead me, And let them bring me to Thy ho ly hill.

rit. dim.

Why, O soul, art thou sor-row-ful, And why cast down with - in me?

cresc.

Still trust the lov-ing kind - ness of the God of thy strength,

cresc.

And my tongue yet shall praise' Him, and my tongue yet shall praise Him,

and my tongue yet shall praise Him, Who hath plead - ed my cause!

cresc.

Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me, And let them

cresc. rit.

Send Out Thy Light—Continued

dim.

bring me to Thy ho - ly hill. Lord — our — God

—Lord our God! Thou wilt save Thine a-noint-ed, Thou wilt hear us from

heav-en; Some in char-i-ots put their faith! Our trust is in

Thee!—They are brought down and fall-en, they are brought down and

fall-en, But the Lord is our help-er, we shall not be a-

fraid, But the Lord is our help-er, we shall not be a-fraid.—

Send Out Thy Light—Concluded

151

Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me,
And let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill;
Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me, And let them
bring me to Thy ho - ly hill, un - to Thy ho - ly
lead me, O hill, let them lead, let them lead me, And let them bring me to Thy
lead me, O ho - ly hill; Send out Thy light, O Lord our God!

And the Glory of the Lord

From "The Messiah"
(MIXED)

ISAIAH 40:5

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL
Arranged by WALTER GOODELL

Allegro

col 8va bassa ad lib.

And the
And the glo - ry, the glo - ry of the Lord, and th

mf

tr

f

glo - ry, shall be re -
glo - ry, the glo - ry of the Lord shall be re - veal - ed

mf

shall be re - veal -

mf

And The Glory of The Lord—Continued

veal

ed.

And the glo - ry, the glo - ry of the

And the glo - ry, the glo - ry of the Lord

Shall be re - veal - ed,

ed.

Shall be re - veal - ed

Lord.

shall be re - veal'd,

be re - veal -

- ed, and the

Shall be re - veal -

ed.

glo - ry, the glo - ry of the Lord shall be re - veal - ed.

154 And The Glory Of The Lord—Continued

And all flesh shall see it to - geth-er.

And a

flesh shall see it to - geth-er;

and all flesh sha

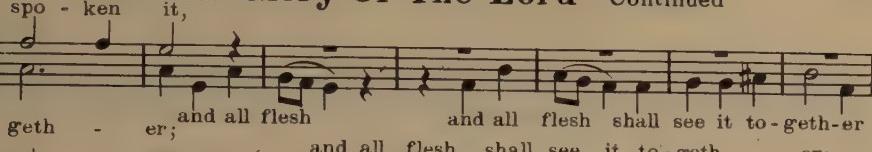
For the mouth of the

For the mouth of the Lord ha

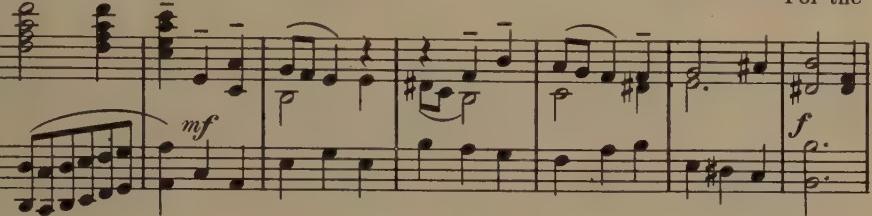
see it to - geth - er,

and all flesh shall see it t

Lord hath spo-ken it;

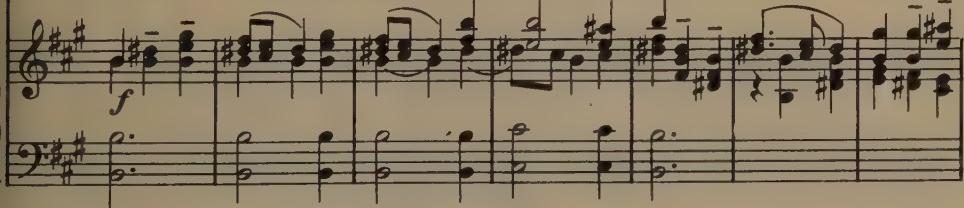


For the



and all flesh shall see it to - geth - er;

mouth of the Lord hath spo - ken it.



and all flesh shall

And the glo - ry, the glo - ry of the Lord, and all flesh shall see it, shall

and all flesh shall



And The Glory Of The Lord—Continued

see it to - gether; the mouth of the Lord hath spo - ken it

it to - gether
see it and the glo - ry, the glo - ry of the Lord, sha
see it to - gether

for the

be re - veal - ed and all flesh and all flesh shall see it to
and all flesh shall see it to

mouth of the Lord hath spo - ken it, hath
geth-er: for the mouth of the Lord

the glo - ry, the glo - ry of the Lord shall be re - veal

geth-er:

And the glo - ry, the glo - ry of the

And The Glory Of The Lord - Continued

157

spo - ken it
hath spo - ken it; and all flesh shall
ed and all flesh shall
Lord shall be re - veal - ed, and all flesh shall
and the glo - ry, the glo - ry, the glo - ry of the Lord, shall
see it to - geth - er and the glo - ry, the
be re - veal - ed,
glo - ry of the Lord shall be re - veal - ed, re - veal - ed
shall be re -
shall be re - veal ed re -
shall be re -

And The Glory Of The Lord—Concluded

and all flesh shall see it to - geth-er, to - geth -
 and all flesh shall see it to - geth-er, to - geth -
 veal - ed, and all flesh shall
 veal - ed, for the mouth of the Lord hath spo-ken

er; For the mouth of the Lord
 er; For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it, For the mouth
 it. for the

Adagio

of the Lord hath spo - ken it.
 mouth of the Lord, the mouth of the Lord.

Adagio

Moderately

1. Oh — give me a home where the buf - fa - lo roam, Where the
 2. How — of - ten at night where the heav - ens are bright With the
 3. Oh, — give me a land where the bright dia - mond sand Flows —
 4. Where the air is so pure, the — zeph - yrs so free, The —
 5. Oh, I love those wildflow'r's in this dear land of ours, The —

deer and the an - te - lope play; Where — sel - dom is heard a dis -
 lights from the glit - ter - ing stars, Have I stood there a - mazed and —
 lei - sure - ly down — the stream; Where the grace - ful, white swan goes —
 breez - es so balm - y and light, That I would not ex - change my —
 cur - lew I love to hear scream, And I love the white rocks and the

cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day. —
 asked as I gazed If their glo - ry ex - ceeds that of ours. —
 glid - ing a - long Like a maid in a heav - en - ly dream. —
 home on the range, For — all of the cit - ies so bright. —
 an - te - lope flocks, That — graze on the moun - tain - top's green. —

REFRAIN

Home, home on the range, Where the deer and the an - te - lope play; — Where

sel - dom is heard a dis - cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day. —

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Donkey
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Huntsman
Lovely Evening
Man's Life's a Vapor
Merrily, Merrily
Row, Row, Row Your Boat
Scotland's Burning

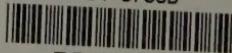


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